

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

About once a year some United States Congressman or some New York newspaper remarks that the existence of Canada as a part of the British Empire is a contravention of the Monroe doctrine. If our customs officials lay a Yankee by the heels while he is engaged in smuggling merchandise, he keeps cool as long as possible, but at last grows desperate and says that Canada ought to be wiped off the map anyhow according to the Monroe doctrine. If one of our cruisers runs down and captures a Yankee vessel fishing within the three-mile limit off Nova Scotia, the same thing happens and Yankee Doodle tells us the Monroe doctrine will have to be enforced. Who the deuce is Monroe? What is his doctrine? One would naturally suppose from the tone in which it is mentioned that this doctrine had been divinely conveyed to man, or at least that all the nations of the earth had foregathered and embodied it in a treaty. No such thing. President Monroe, in 1823, informed his cabinet that in his opinion no European power should be allowed to gain a foothold upon the American continent. There is the whole story, the entire doctrine. His view was never endorsed by any Congress, and has no status whatever either within or without the United States. This doctrine is simply a bit of policy outlined by an old chap who died long ago. If he were not dead I should call him an impertinent old chap. How dare he, being merely President of the United States, outline a policy for America without consulting the Canadians, who own the greater half of the Northern continent, or those nations of people who own South America? The late Mr. Monroe was deficient in etiquette, and having been slighted we simply refuse to have aught to do with his doctrine. For spite we shall grant footholds to every power in Europe on this here continent of ours.

They call it the Monroe doctrine and say he originated it. The people of the United States are always deifying somebody for something. They are making a deity of Mr. Smith, whose achievement consisted in writing a doggerel imitation of our National Anthem and stealing our tune outright. Monroe, too, stole his idea, for Montezuma asserted the doctrine when Cortez and his Spaniards swooped down on Mexico; the Peruvians asserted it against Pizarro; the Indian chiefs of North America asserted it against the ancestors of this Monroe and those who talk to us of his doctrine. These peoples not only objected to "allowing European powers to gain a foothold in America," but they died in thousands and sealed the objection in blood, whereas these later and rather amusing exponents of the principle have, in addition to much laborious talking, done nothing more than to amass an army, on one occasion, to bluff Maximilian out of Mexico. The "Monroe" doctrine is as old as the human family. The aborigines of America fought and died for it in vain. In the British Isles the Celts asserted it against the Saxons, and these in turn against the Danes, and all together against the Normans; but it is a doctrine that has always been easily dispelled by the waving of swords and the slingings of bullets. Nations have always seized what they could and held it while they might, but it has remained for our Jingo neighbours to exalt this idea into the respectable form of a doctrine.

For a citizen of the United States to quote Monroe at us and expect that we shall pack our trunks and vacate the hemisphere, is a trifle ridiculous. Before the doctrine had a name, before the Republic (which is an outcome of the foothold which an European power gained in America), had been created, our ancestors owned half the continent in the name of the Empire and we hold it still. The doctrine in question really does not seem to fit this country.

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Assessment Commissioner Maughan must have experienced a shock when the *Evening News* called upon him to wake up and recognize the fact that the electric street cars have made "a tremendous change" in real estate values, therefore he must reduce the rating on outlying property and increase the rating on central blocks. If rapid transit has decreased the value of outside property, the outcome has belied the prophecies so freely made by all except SATURDAY NIGHT when the system was changed. It was urged that rapid transit would set free the congested population of the crowded centers and cause the suburbs to flock thick with a happy people. The muddy, evil-smelling streets were to lose their denizens, for these were to move into the wide avenues three miles away, where the goose crieth in the morning and the view of sunset is not marred. The picture of the busy mechanic flying to his suburban home on the wings of the lightning; eating his well earned meal in an airy dining-room with a southern aspect, looking, as he munches his onions, through the window and far away over his expansive garden; lolling afterwards in his private beaver meadow, smoking his pipe and plucking daisies with his naked toes—this picture was pretty, but was it not then photographed from life? It would seem not. Perhaps those endless miles of small stores throughout the city are decreasing in value, and perhaps people are oftener found going down town to make purchases, but are these not symptoms of that death which we all feel to be drawing ever nearer to small dealers and small industries? Suburban values do not in the main depend upon the business done

but upon the residential favor in which such localities are held, and if the resident of Parkdale or Yorkville is brought, by means of rapid transit, into possession of the down-town advantages which belong to the residents of Beverley or of Bond streets, together with the better air and increased elbow room which he enjoys, his position must be an improved one. House rents should be higher than when transit was slow, and values should be improved. If other causes have intervened, they are outside considerations. It seems clear that any centralization of trade, within a limited area, which does not preclude competition, is bound to benefit the ninety per cent. who are purchasers while it injures the ten per cent. who are small dealers. The prime affair of life is con-

outside locality is not decided by the one or two score men who fear dismissal should they not be back at their posts promptly upon the opening of a store or factory the morning after a holiday, yet are these men to be subjected to the unhappiness and extreme embarrassment of having to act like boys who must ask their mamma if they may go? Nothing accentuates the despotism of an employer like the heartless and senseless dismissal of men who were trying to act like men even if they were "only clerks." During the recent and rather unreasonable attacks upon departmental stores I have taken the ground that they cannot be done away with, insomuch as they are a feature of the end of this century. The suggestions made were almost entirely impracticable, yet if the smaller merchants, the smaller

cost. These bargains cannot be procured unless: (1) Somebody has been dishonest or unfortunate and a stock has been procured at less than the cost of manufacturing the goods; or, (2) The stock has been manufactured by people who were paid less than living wages for their work; or, (3) The goods are not what they are alleged to be; that is, they are shoddy instead of wool, or out of date, badly made, and are used to deceive purchasers; or, (4) Certain articles are used as bait to capture unwary people, whose greed leads them to purchase goods which are unnaturally cheap, and then other articles are sold them which may be unusually dear.

I am not losing sight of the fact that departmental stores and institutions in which all



THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

suming, not producing or handling. Man is prompted to produce by his desire to consume. That appears sound enough to be crystallized into an axiom in economics. The consumer is, therefore, the first person in the problem. He is too often ignored. If rapid transit has injured remote stores it is not the business of the corporation to sustain their falling fortunes by shunting their taxes upon central property. In trade there must be survival of the fittest; in suburban residential property we have a right to look for an increased rather than a diminished

The policy of one of the largest departmental stores in the city of discharging its clerks who absent themselves for a few hours while doing regimental service, should find expressed condemnation everywhere. If clerks who use their evenings to drill and perfect themselves in the requirements of the militia cannot be excused by their employers for a few hours on the day succeeding the 24th of May, young fellows in this city who are not of independent means might as well leave the volunteer force. Whether or not a city battalion will visit some

manufacturers and specialists are to be attacked by departmental stores, the managers of them should be careful not to antagonize the public, the militia and the whole national spirit of the country as well, or drastic laws may be made which will amount to a severe reprisal.

Centralization of business is as natural as that water should run downhill, but there is an undeclared yet very definite wave of socialism which is running through politics and is even beginning to permeate religion. The departmental store is not as intricate as the post-office nor as far-reaching as the water service, yet these features of our life are managed by the Government and city, and the day may not be far off when the absolute necessities of life may be made accessible to everybody at cost price by associations or a government which will forbid the horrible sweating system and the traffic in tears and blood which must be considered the solution of bargain day in some of these places. Really what does bargain day mean? It is supposed to mean a day upon which goods are sold at less than cost, or at least less than what the goods should have

classes of goods are sold and in which trade is centralized, can do business more cheaply than isolated institutions which pay a greater proportion of rent as compared with the volume of trade done, and are at greater expense for delivery and management, as well as being unable either to buy or sell as cheaply as the larger institutions. Let it be remembered, however, that this work of centralization which is now being conducted by syndicates and capitalists, may shortly be attended to under government supervision or upon the co operative system, while "sweating" and slavish wages and service may be prohibited. The manager who discharged his clerks for having engaged in the unprofitable duty of serving their country and their city, is the one who is doing most to hasten the day of his own dismissal from public confidence, and lends most assistance to the socialistic outcry against oppression which must be obvious to everybody.

The National Council of Women has been in session for the greater part of this week under the direction of Her Excellency the Governor-General. The subject of shorter hours for female employees was discussed; motions and

counter motions, amendments aiming at nine hours a day as sufficient for the employed woman were brought up, but the matter was left over. Wcman's inhumanity to woman is more notorious than man's inhumanity to man. The fact that these wise women have not been able to agree with regard to a proper limitation of the work of female dependants, marks their whole movement as a fad rather than a reform. Had the ladies of the organization been able to agree upon a nine-hour movement, the slavey who rises at five and builds the fire, gets the breakfast, makes the beds sweeps the rooms, prepares luncheon and dinner, goes to the door, washes dishes and takes care of the children, would have to have an assistant, and this would mean an increase of expense. A female parliament would be very useful if it were willing to legislate in some practical direction, but the legislative woman desires to theorize, and in her heart of hearts she is apt to hunger for power and become regardless of the rights of both the men and women dependent upon her for happiness. The feminine parliament over which Her Excellency presided betrayed all these tendencies to do a powerful lot of talking and yet not commit itself to short hours for servants or long prices for goods. Such conventions might as well be abandoned. Women who cannot restrain themselves from taking advantage of the "bargain counter;" women who live in entire disregard of the honesty, the fairness, the propriety of business life, so long as they can get goods cheap; women who are entirely oblivious of the fact that bargains are only obtained by haggery-muggery of some kind, have no right to theorize. The labor of men and women is worth enough to purchase the absolute necessities of life; if they labor for a less recompense they are slaves. If legislative women do not refuse to take advantage of slavery they are slave-drivers, and the sin is theirs just as much as if they starved employees and overworked and oppressed the unfortunate who in God's providence drifted under their domination.

Men may be hard and cold and even cruel in business, but without reflecting for a moment upon the sex, the ladies—God bless them!—they are not only hard and cold, and even cruel, in their dealings, but they are often unreasonable and unbusinesslike and [assume things which make them appear ridiculous to those of the sterner sex who admit that business is business and that hardships must be inflicted by those who desire to succeed. Men do not worship success as women do—I speak of the women who make speeches and want bargains. Men do not grind, and dictate, and try to dominate over servants as much as women do when they get a chance to do it. The emancipated slave was notoriously a hard master, and the emancipated woman is notoriously a hard mistress. This brings us back to the oft talked of and too little practiced idea that the woman's sphere is at home, that her glory is her gentleness, her lovingkindness, her patience, her knowledge of men and her ability to please and soothe. I have never taken a vast amount of stock in that sort of thing, unless all such virtues are exercised towards women as well as men. It is neither an edifying nor a beautiful sight to find women who are so tender and considerate to men, so hard and unfeeling to their own sex. However, it is no doubt a part of the performance of to-day and will perhaps be more essentially a part of the performance of to-morrow—of the next century—that certain women shall engage themselves in the task of making themselves and a few others believe that they are great reformers and are all torn into pieces by anxiety for the reorganization of society. When they really get down to benefiting the condition of their servants and of shop and factory girls; when they quit spending all their money in reports and conventions and talk, and care for their own sex as if they really loved the well earned gratitude of unfortunate females as well as they do prominence amongst talking women and the admiration of men, then the masculine part of the community will look up to them and not feel like taking to the woods when a blue-stocking convention is in the city. By the way, wasn't it funny to see the audience break away when the "collection was started?"

The following letter, from Warden Massie of the Central Prison, will be interesting to those who are not entirely careless of what becomes of convicts after they are removed from contact with the world and subjected to discipline intended to be reformatory in its character. Warden Massie in his letter, which I produce verbatim, speaks as if I had misrepresented his case. I got my information entirely from the daily papers, every one of which I read every day, and as they appeared to agree as to the facts and as I am unaware that Warden Massie has written to them as he has written to me, I do not feel blameworthy even if I said "machinery" instead of "loaded car." In conclusion he makes a fling at the article to which he is replying, and asks that "before any statement is made reflecting upon the management of this prison, will you kindly enquire for information first." While I thank Mr. Massie for his letter, which is as courteous as a man of his stern disposition can make an epistle, he must know that his explanations come pretty late as a rule, and undenied assertions appearing in the daily papers for nearly a week are sufficient for a critic to base an article upon. In the next place, if he will refer to the article he will find

that I did not criticize him, but merely used the topic as a suggestion which raised the question of the relation between convicts and their families, and what the possibilities might be should a suit be instituted by a family for damages owing to the loss of a life in a prison. However, we all know that Warden Massie is a little over sensitive as to criticism, and yet he is respected for his stern discipline and anxiety to do right. After all there is little to add to such an equipment in the manager of a prison except, perhaps, a gentle tendency towards mercy:

To the Editor of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT:

Dear Sir.—Your issue of May 18 contains an article on the accident which occurred in the Central Prison on May 11, to which I desire to reply if your space will admit.

It did not occur, as stated therein, by the machinery. A loaded railway car had to be removed from the switch which connects with the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific rail-

ways, to a siding, to be unloaded. About twenty-five prisoners were taken from one of the workshops to do it. Many hundreds of cars have been moved in the same way within the prison and no one ever hurt before.

These prisoners, refractory and difficult to discipline, without instructions or the consent of the guard in charge, mounted to the top of an empty box car which had to be taken across the turn-table, first, seized the brake and rode while others were pushing it.

When the loaded car was placed in position for the siding on the turn-table, and all hands were told to get behind and on the sides to push, he left his place in the rear, unseen by the guard, and got alongside an acquaintance, placing himself in front of the car between the rails.

Contrary to the rules he entered into conversation with his friend, giving no assistance, and by some means his foot was caught between the forward wheel of the car and the rail.

The obstruction unknown to the others, they increased the force necessary to overcome it, and before he gave any signal, the wheel had passed over the foot and up to the knee. On hearing his cry, the guard ran from the rear to the front, and seeing the prisoner's position, backed the car, had him lifted carefully and with all haste carried to the hospital. The surgeon was summoned immediately, and not a minute was lost in doing what medical skill could for him. The bones were set and the wound dressed, but late next day gangrene set in. The only chance left of saving his life was by amputation, but the patient did not regain his strength and death ensued. Every safeguard that foresight could suggest was applied by the guard, and no one but the prisoner is blamable for what happened. None of them are ever placed in positions of danger with the knowledge of an official.

The foregoing is a correct statement of the accident, and there is no ground upon which to call a suit for damages as you suggest. If there had been carelessness on the part of any of the prison officials, then I quite agree with you, that damages should be recovered; but the importance of using every precaution for the proper protection and treatment of the convicts has been fully enjoined upon the management, and the observance of instructions in that regard has been kept before the guards and employees with such effect that if they have erred it has been on the side of over much caution. Were it otherwise, then society should demand immediate redress.

Large, bright and clean workshops are supplied for the industrial operations, and with the care taken for the thorough ventilation of the cells there is no ground for the charge that the convicts do not get sufficient fresh air; they all get outdoor exercise, except in rare cases of habitual offenders, who must of necessity be confined for periods in cells, but there is not what is known as a dark or punishment one on the premises.

In making the charge that they get too little chance to reform, the idea is conveyed that practically they get no chance to reform. There is a school room, capable of seating fifty, filled four evenings every week for two hours, conducted by a teacher holding a first-class certificate; there is every Sunday, first service in the chapel for those of the Roman Catholic faith. The priest who officiates there, also holds classes for his men on every Monday and Saturday evening. He is most earnestly devoted to his work, and exercises the highest influence for good upon all who come under his tuition. Sunday school for the Protestants, for an hour and a half, follows the Roman Catholic service, and more capable if earnest devoted teachers could not be found anywhere.

Religious service for the Protestants is held on the Sunday afternoon, under the supervision of the Ministerial Association of the city, and they are supplied with abundance of religious periodicals, besides books from the library. They are taught fifteen trades in workshops that for comfort are unsurpassed anywhere; they are offered men, in large part, whose personal deportment brings a healthy influence to bear upon them, and viewing all this, one is led to ask, what more can be done? Yet there is still great room for reform and improvement. The difficulties surrounding the whole subject of reforming the convict under short and determinate sentence are many; in large measure the past has to be undone, vicious habits eradicated, inherent badness and proclivity to corrupting practices, with the attendant physical debility, removed, and replaced by purity and health; all this means much more than a cursory thought on the subject suggests. Detention in a penal institution of the criminal, implies very great responsibility upon the management, the full import of which, while readily granted, is but very imperfectly responded to by the many directly and indirectly answerable to society in that regard. Reform in existing methods is slow in coming about, and while there are many estimable and thoroughly efficient men and women at the head of the reformatory and penal institutions on this and the other side of the Atlantic, evidences are continuously coming to light which show that there are difficulties in their way which counterbalance the best purposes and efforts which may serve for. I am not sorry you have drawn attention to the subject of what is due to the criminal and society, only before any statement is made reflecting upon the management of this prison, if you will kindly require for information first, I will have pleasure in supplying it. I do not fear but rather court criticism of the manner in which its affairs are managed, since it belongs to the public, and if not conducted in that interest it is right that redress should be demanded.

Yours truly,
JAS MASSIE, Warden.

The death of Secretary Gresham of President Cleveland's Cabinet closes the career of a man who had been absolutely independent in politics, and yet who was not wiped out by his refusal to be a party hack. It requires greatness to sustain a man who has courage enough to abandon his party when it is wrong and to lend his services to those who had been his opponents. Secretary Gresham, fortunately for himself, had obtained a recognition of his ability before he changed his allegiance, or he would have been obliterated by those who hated him for having abandoned the Republican party, and those who were jealous of him because he had joined the Democrats. Lives such as his teach us how strong are the chains which bind men to inherited ideas, for it was the struggle of a giant to pass between the opposing lines undestroyed. I write of him because I admired him, because he and President Cleveland have done much to make it easier for men to escape the shackles of party influence. Nothing is bitterer to the human heart than the scorn of comrades and neighbors and partisans. God grant that in the century that is dawning upon us the fact will be recognized that a man's soul is his own, and that it is only the fool or the knave that refuses to change from wrong to right; that it is only the hypocrite who holds on and pretends something when his soul has gone out of a belief. The most valuable man to-day is the honest man. Honesty is not a matter concerning money only; it has regard to truth.

Many men may be relied upon to pay their debts who could not be forced to express a soulful truth.

DON.

Money Matters.

The Canadian farmer has a deep-seated conviction that if he is paid less than \$1 per bushel for wheat he is not adequately remunerated for his toil in producing it. He has also the idea that when wheat sells at \$1 per bushel, "good times" prevail. It does not matter whether the values of the staples he buys are relatively high; he is willing to pay higher prices for the goods he buys, and to buy with cheerfulness, so long as he gets what he considers is his just due in the matter of the price of wheat. As a matter of fact, however, relative values are not against, but decided in favor of the farmer; and if the prosperity of the agriculturist means the prosperity of the country at large, then Canada should be in a good position. Wheat, coarse grain, live stock, hides and wool are now selling at prices which make production profitable. Sugars, teas, cotton and woolen goods, boots and shoes and other staples are higher than they were last year, but the advances in these are not at all in proportion to the rise in the natural products above mentioned. The farmer is now getting \$1 a bushel for his wheat. This is a higher price than is paid in any part of the world. The reason, as is well known, is on account of the scarcity in this country. In the early part of the season too much wheat was sown, and the belief is now general that imports will have to be made before the new wheat is ready for the market. The farmer is getting good prices for everything he produces, except butchers. The butcher system which obtains in the country has well nigh ruined this industry. Competing country grocers pay higher prices for the butter than the ruling market rate, on the understanding that store goods are to be taken in payment. Then it is held with the hope that prices will advance, but in the meantime its quality deteriorates until very often it is unfit for use in any way. And yet England pays \$175,000 per day for this one food article. There is a good market over there for our dairy produce if it is only sent in proper condition.

An incident of the improved trade situation in the United States is found in the Bell Telephone Company report. In the first five months of the present year 36,123 telephones were put out, as against 35,520 in the corresponding five months last year. There is evidently a largely increased demand for telephones in the United States, and I have no doubt that in Canada the number of instruments in use has increased. The stock of the Company is more likely to advance than decline. I think it will work out some.

The C.P.R. statement for April is favorable. Net income, \$461,646, as compared with \$364,806 in April, 1894.

Western Assurance has sold up to 161. I advised the purchase of this stock at 155. It will probably work up to 163 or 164. If so it might do to take profits.

Cable is doing well by its old "standbys." It has advanced steadily from 142 to 158. It was abnormally low at 142 and I called attention to this at the time. Only lately have its merits been appreciated. Ultimately it will sell higher than at any time in its history. A good many "old sores" have been healed by the action of this stock in the past month. I look to see it sell to 175 this year.

Just at present I think Dominion Bank and Canadian Bank of Commerce are at a level to attract buyers. Dominion will always be a favorite investment stock on account of its 5 per cent. quarterly dividend and its strong position. At 262 I would buy it for the long pull. Bank of Commerce at 135 or thereabouts should show profits in time. FSAU.

The New Foresters' Temple.

The laying of the corner stone of the new Foresters' Temple by Lord Aberdeen on Thursday afternoon happened but an hour before SATURDAY NIGHT went to press, yet the history of the week would be incomplete without some reference to this imposing ceremonial, said to have been the most largely attended of anything of the kind in Toronto. Meaning it in praise rather than in criticism, it must be said that everyone admitted that it was the best managed affair that this province has ever seen, and the greatest advertisement ever obtained by a benevolent or insurance association. It was arranged on short notice, yet every detail was attended to and there was not the slightest hitch in the proceedings. The corner of Richmond and Bay was gay with bunting; the procession was made up of four-in-hand and carriages; and a guard of honor, composed of stalwart Highlanders, and the ear-piercing skirl of the bag pipes on the sultry air, gave a Scottish flavor to the whole proceedings. Oronhyatekha was a far more imposing figure than Aberdeen, and everywhere could be heard the remark, "He's the greatest head in Canada." The temple itself will cost some \$200,000 and occupies a site so near the City Hall that no doubt it will be soon densely populated by professional and business men who will find that site the most congenial in the city.

A Trip to Cleveland.

When Mr. Ham. McMicken, Canadian agent of the Northern Steamship Company and Great Northern Railroad, invited a score of us to take a trip with him from Buffalo to Cleveland on the steamer Northwest, he told us we would see the greatest and most luxurious ship ever floated on fresh water. We waded at one another and felt somewhat inclined to throw off a slight percentage, for railroad and steamship agents are apt to be a little over proud of their lines. On the evening of the Queen's Birthday two hundred and eighty eight railroad and steamship passenger agents, newspaper men, etc., embarked for Cleveland and unanimously admitted that there is no finer ship afloat. No ocean liner on which I have ever been is more luxuriously equipped, and few of them can make as great speed as the Northwest. Last year, without crowding her, she made twenty-one miles an hour, and her sister ship, the Northland, which made her trial trip from Cleveland on Saturday, is equally speedy and magnificent. The size of the state-rooms and the costly and elaborate trimmings and upholstering were a revelation, not only to the Canadians, but to the railroad, steamship and newspaper men from various parts of the United States. The steamers are managed entirely on the plan of the European hotel. The price of the ticket is so much; the state-room is charged for according to size and location; the meals are a la carte—pay for what you get—and the prices are really not high, though the service is everything that one could obtain in the best *cafe* in New York. With the twin ships—and by the way they are both twin screws, the same as the Campania and the Lucania—the Northern Steamship Company will have a semi-weekly service to

Duluth, commencing June 11, the steamers leaving every Tuesday and Friday. Last year the Northwest carried nearly nine thousand passengers and proved a paying investment, though she does not carry a pound of freight. It was enough to make the excursionists jealous when they compared the service in other places with this unsurpassed line running up the Northern lakes, and the favorable impression was doubled by the genial hospitality of Mr. Gordon, general manager, and that of Mr. A. A. Heard, the general passenger agent of the line.

On the return home of the Canadian contingent they called on Mr. Ham. McMicken and presented him with a handsome Imperial traveling-bag, upon which was a plate engraved as follows: "Presented to Ham. McMicken by a few of his Toronto traveling comrades, with best wishes for a jolly good trip through life."

Social and Personal.

Cards are being issued for a garden party at Government House on June 12.

The Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick gave a luncheon on Wednesday at which covers were laid for fourteen. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Duff, Miss Rowan, Miss Bunting, Miss Henry, Mr. Erskine, Mr. Major Banks and Mr. Munro Ferguson.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick give a dinner party this evening at which Their Excellencies the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen and their party and suite have spent a very busy and pleasant week, presiding at various functions and crowding a great deal of hard work into six days.

Rev. Sutherland Macklem and Mrs. Macklem are the guests of Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Towers. On Sunday evening Mr. Macklem preached an able sermon in St. Simon's church. The C.P.R. statement for April is favorable. Net income, \$461,646, as compared with \$364,806 in April, 1894.

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Mrs. Thomas Wrong of Chatham is in the city studying the Krause method of piano forte instruction.

The engagement of Miss Alexandra Magurn and Professor J. Humfrey Anger is announced.

The Toronto Rowing Club give a smoking concert on the occasion of the opening of their new club house at Hanlan's Point this evening.

Miss Smith, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lightbourn, left on Thursday for her home in the West Indies.

After the opening day at the O. J. C. races the weather turned suddenly warm, and, as I predicted, many gorgeous butterflies emerged from their chrysalis coverings of wraps and furs. The gowns were simply gorgeous and fairly made the grand stand blaze with brightness. Startling shades, such as are permissible and delightful at a Race Meet; delicate combinations and faint tints, which the quietly stylish woman knows how to choose and blend; new shapes and noble sleeves; hats with fields of flowers and bonnets with nothing worth mentioning save a rose and a jetted butterfly. As usual Hamilton people were among our smartest visitors, though Montreal sent some extremely modish gowns worn in perfection by graceful women. Mesdames Allen were particularly admired, and Mrs. Allen from Brockville was lovely. Mrs. Tait wore a charming little broad bonnet in the Seagram colors. Mrs. Cockburn looked very sweet and dainty in a rich silk gown and becoming small bonnet. Miss Hendrie wore on one or two afternoons a deep rose silk with violet hat of wide brim, with much lace and rose striped ribbons. Several of the most stylish women had cream or white lace veils, of the recent Paris mode. Mrs. Hendrie wore a very delicate fawn crepon with shell pink and large iridescent bonnet. Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon's pretty bodice of iridescent scales, with huge sleeves, attracted a good many; Mrs. Jack Hendrie, whose various gowns were delight to all critics, wore a light cream costume on the holiday, in which she looked a picture. A small French bonnet which was extremely chic was worn by Mrs. J. W. Scales, with a Paris gown of shot material; Miss Maud Scales, in a pretty light gown and leghorn hat, was in her aunt's party; the Misses Hofford, from New York, to which place they have removed, were in Mrs. James Carruthers' box with Miss Baird of Montreal and the Misses Dora and Madge Goedherman; Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, and her lovely daughter, Mrs. FitzGibbons, who wore a most becoming green gown with picture hat; Mrs. John Cawthra, as usual, beautifully gowned; Mrs. James Crowther, looking very pretty, was with her guest, Mrs. Burnham of Port Hope, who wore a yellow frock with lace trimmings, and whom everyone was glad to welcome; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt wore a couple of charming frocks on two of the afternoons, one of striped beige and blue trimmed with sequins, and large lace hat with white flowers, which particularly suited her delicate beauty; Mrs. John Ryan had a very bright and pleasant party of guests, who seemed to enjoy the gay scene and which included Dr. and Mrs. McKeown, Miss Campbell of Listowel, Mrs. Thrush and Mr. W. P. Woods. Mrs. Ryan looked charming in a pale green silk gown. A lovely gown in the Hendrie colors was worn on Friday by Miss Ada Arthurs, the sleeves and skirt of tan crepon and the bodice of softly folded buttercup chifon. This dress was exquisitely made and most becoming, and was worn with a large black hat. Mrs. G. A. Case had a very dainty gown in pale blue and white, with a charming bonnet and frilled parasol. Parasols are very nobby this season, much frilled and inserted with lace and shirred chifon, and there were some extremely pretty specimens on the lawn. The 1895 meeting of

the Ontario Jockey Club will long be remembered as the most stylish gathering and the most enjoyable week out of doors imaginable.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Hardy of Robert street have moved to 17 Spencer avenue, South Parkdale. Mrs. Hardy will be at home on Thursday.

Mrs. P. H. Sims of 96 Jameson avenue has returned after a three weeks' pleasant visit to friends at Detroit, Mich., and Berlin, Ont.

Mrs. and the Misses Lightbourn of Jarvis street left last week for an extended trip through Europe.

Miss Vic Muldrew of Huron street has returned home after a three months' trip through the States. Her cousin, Mrs. P. C. Baxter, accompanied her home.

Mrs. H. Guest Collins and her youngest daughter, Miss Ruby Collins, have returned from the South, where they have been spending the winter, and will remain in Toronto during the summer months. Mr. Collins is expected in July.

Mrs. Baker of Rose avenue is visiting friends in St. Thomas.

Dr. J. A. Amyot of St. Joseph street has returned to the city, bringing with him a charming bride, lately Miss Keller of Uxbridge, sister of Mr. W. H. Keller, editor of the Uxbridge Journal. While Uxbridge loses one of its most popular and attractive young ladies, Toronto society and the doctor must be congratulated on their gain.

Next Tuesday evening, June 4, the opera The Lily of Killarney will be presented at the Grand Opera House, under the patronage of Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Aberdeen and His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick. The proceeds are to go to the Home for Incurables. The lady patrons of the Webster Society, which is producing the opera, are: Mrs. W. P. Atkinson, Mrs. George P. Magann, Miss A. Gwynne. The officers are: Hon. president, G. F. Marter, M.P.P.; president, Hon. S. C. Bigg; 1st vice-president, Ald. Scott; 2nd vice-president, Mr. G. P. Magann, Executive committee, Misses Gall, Schofield, Seager and B. Mason, and Messrs. J. W. St. John, M.P.P., A. M. F. Gianelli, Pace and Bahariel. Secretary-treasurer, Mr. F. H. Mason; assistant secretary-treasurer, Mr. G. Forsyth.

Mr. and Mrs. R. K. Burgess and Mr. R. and Miss Lillian Burgess of Rosedale have returned to town after spending a month at Burnegie, Lake Joseph.

The Trinity College Cricket concert and dance was a very smart affair. All the audience were in evening dress, and St. Hilda's pretty maidens never looked prettier than on this occasion. Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. King and Mrs. John Cawthra, who were among the lady patrons, were present. Mrs. Moss, who always enters heartily into the young people's enjoyments, was a guest, wearing a rich gown of black silk and velvet bodice; Mrs. E. B. Oster brought her two young daughters, who wore gowns of pale green and pink respectively; Miss Amy Laing was as pretty and graceful as usual, in a white silk gown with violet shoulder knots and white roses and violets in her dark hair; Miss Lena Hayes, who contributed two violin solos, wore a quiet little black frock very daintily trimmed with shirred chifon; Mrs. Mavor was in black with pale blue; Mrs. Hutton looked remarkably well in black with immense sleeves of chifon; Miss Strickland wore a very pretty dress of gray silk with pale yellow chifon; Miss Lindsey, who is the guest of Mrs. Cawthra, wore robin-egg blue with narrow black ribbons; Miss Jennings, one of the performers, sang very sweetly and was daintily gowned in white silk; Miss Mab Staunton wore pale blue with balloon sleeves of white satin; Mrs. Cumberland wore a gown of black chifon striped with pink satin over black silk; Miss Skae was in pink; Miss Flo Benson's pretty white dress was trimmed with trails of violets with a quimpe formed of strings of the same pretty blossoms. Mr. Charles Wark at the piano, Mr. Martin Cleworth in some very fetching recitations, and Miss Scott, who sang charmingly with the two ladies before mentioned, made up a nice concert programme, and a list of twenty dances was gone through afterwards with all the vigor of *la jeunesse doree*. An orchestra furnished the music and the floor of St. George's Hall never was in better order. Supper was served in the basement.

Mrs. Benjamin F. Eberts of New York is home on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Dixon of Jarvis street.

Mrs. Grant of Ottawa and Mrs. Morrow of Halifax are visiting their mother, Mrs. MacDonald of Oaklands.

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VISITORS WELCOME

SPECIAL SALES

Social and Personal.

On Monday evening the handsome Parliament Buildings were gay with a festive illumination and filled with a stylish throng of guests who attended the reception given by the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. Society, literature, the church, the law and every grade of culture and art were represented in the continuous stream of humanity which poured through the Speaker's room and emerged at the right side of the dais to shake the hands of Vice-royalty. Soldiers in scarlet held a crimson cord before the dais to keep a space clear for the presentations, which were made by the sides—Captain Urquhart, Captain Kirkpatrick and Mr. Erskine. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick were stationed to the left of the Earl and Countess, and assisted in receiving. Grouped about the dais were several leading Toronto people and some of the most prominent delegates, who apparently much enjoyed their welcome to Toronto. The National Anthem was played by the band of the Queen's Own, stationed in the corridor, on the entrance and departure of the representatives of the Queen. The band also rendered many choice selections during the evening. Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Lady Caron, Sir William Howland, Sir Frank and Lady Smith were observed near the vice-regal party. The reception proper began at a few minutes past nine and lasted until half-past ten or thereabouts, during which time Lord and Lady Aberdeen had shaken hands some two thousand times and must have been heartily tired of the exercise. Many of the officers from Stanley Barracks and the city regiments were present in full dress uniform, among them being: Colonel Turnbull, Colonel Buchan, Colonel Mason, Colonel Hamilton, Colonel Miligan, and others. Supper was served during the evening under Webb's management. The handsome reception-room was profusely decorated with palms, which were from the Central Prison conservatories, and behind the dais was arranged a mass of pink blossoms. Some of the most noticeable gowns were as follows: Lady Aberdeen, moonlight green satin brocaded with flowers, necklace and tara of emeralds, pearls and diamonds; Mrs. Kirkpatrick, black silk and lace, with tara and necklace of diamonds and corsage bouquet of lilies of the valley; Mrs. Duff, gray and silver brocaded satin with heliotrope velvet berthe and pearl necklace; Miss Kirkpatrick, *vieux rose* silk, with lace berthe; Mrs. Gordon, pale pink *faille* and rose velvet; Mrs. S. G. Wood, black silk and lace with head-dress of red and buff feathers; Mrs. Brett, gray and white brocaded satin with white lace cap; Lady Caron, black *faille*, brocaded with blue flowers and narrow berthe of pale blue velvet; Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, red and gray brocade with full bishop sleeves of red silk and diamond ornaments; Miss Besse Macdonald, white silk; Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, black silk and lace; Miss Gussie Hodgins, yellow silk with black *chiffon*; Mrs. Arthur, black velvet, white point lace and diamonds; Mrs. Sanford of Hamilton, black brocade with Elizabethan ruff of jetted net; Miss Maud Givens, black silk, white lace insertion; Mrs. Bunting, black *faille* and lace; Miss Bunting, white satin; Mrs. Buchanan, white *faille* and heliotrope velvet; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, white silk, bows of rose pink ribbon and diamond ornaments; Mrs. Simpson, dark satin, brocaded with pale green lozenges; Mrs. J. G. Hodgins, cream silk with black lace; Mrs. Hetherington, pink satin brocade, diamond necklace; Miss Howard and Miss Lucy Howard, black silk and lace; Mrs. Anglin, heliotrope silk covered with black lace; Mrs. Foy, black satin brocaded in pale green; Mrs. Foy, black with green velvet sleeves; Mrs. Macdonald, pink and black silk; Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, buttercup brocade; Mrs. Clarkson, fawn satin, brocaded with delicate tints; Lady Gzowski, black silk and white lace; Mrs. McIntyre, black silk, with velvet ruffled collar covered with white lace; Mrs. Avery, crimson velvet and silk; Mrs. Drummond of New York, black silk with red velvet bertha; Mrs. Frank Anglin, white silk; Miss Frazer, pink satin; Mrs. Mitchell, old rose silk and sequin trimmings; Mrs. Hees, black and white silk; Miss Hees, heliotrope silk; Mrs. Harold Kennedy, black silk and *chiffon*, pink corsage bouquet of roses; Mrs. Otter, canary brocaded satin; Mrs. Pringle, heliotrope silk and *chiffon*; Mrs. Walker, white corded silk; Mrs. Towers, pink silk; Mrs. Alexander Davidson, black with narrow pink ribbons; Miss Machar, gray brocade and white lace; Mrs. Manly, black and white; Mrs. Charles Fleming, peacock blue with passementerie; Mrs. Sutherland Macklem, black with overdress of net embroidered in silver white; Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, lavender brocade; Miss Thompson, white silk with pink ribbons; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, dove gray silk with sulphur velvet; Miss May Walker, pink satin and gauze; Mrs. Fred Moffat, white satin and pink roses; Miss McCutcheon, white silk and green trimmings; Miss Hagarty, white satin and white brocade; Miss Milligan, black velvet, white lace bertha; Miss Thorburn, white silk; Miss Yda Milligan, white silk; Mrs. Cattanach, black velvet and diamonds; Mrs. MacMahon, black silk and lace; Mrs. Ferguson, black silk; Mrs. B. Hughes, black silk and lace; Mrs. Proctor, black silk, with white lace and pink; Miss Ada Arthur, white satin; Mrs. Farrar, black silk; Mrs. J. J. Kingsmill, pearl and pink brocade, with diamonds and rich lace; Mrs. Hugh Ryan, black satin; Mrs. Austin Smith, white silk and lace; Mrs. Percival Greene, white brocade, with colored stripes; Mrs. Roper, heliotrope and purple silk; Miss Roper, white mull and lace; Mrs. Edward Sullivan, black silk and lace; Mrs. William Clark, black silk; Mrs. Drayton, black and white silk; Miss Drayton, pink silk; Miss Hirschfelder, light silk skirt and white and pink blouse; Mrs. Dignam, fawn silk and net; Mrs. Savigny, black lace, white flowers; Mrs. Sweny, white silk; Mrs. Woodward of New York, delicate gray satin brocaded with flowers; Miss Tully, black silk and lace; Miss Strickland, white silk; Mrs. Remy Emslie, dove gray brocade; Mrs. Harry Watson, white satin brocade; Miss Montgomery, white silk with crimson ribbons; Miss Edith Hannaford, yellow silk and brown trimmings; Mrs. Tilley of London, black silk and white lace; Mrs. Tor-



Are You Ready for your Summer Gloves?

DON'T blame us for not showing all the Gloves at one time—can't do it; our importations were too large for our cramped space here. Because you were down last week, don't count yourself posted on this week's showing. New goods are tumbling in all the time.

Colored and Black Silk Gloves, Jersey	25c
Modest, assorted shades, Jersey	35c
Black Silk Gloves, Milanese	35c
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rington, gray brocaded satin; Mrs. Drummond, white silk; Miss Paton, yellow and fawn brocade; Miss Kingsmill, white; Miss Kingsmill, pale blue striped gauze; Miss Nanno Hughes, white and pale green; Mrs. Bendelari, black and white striped silk; Mrs. Doolittle, canary brocade and black *chiffon*; Mrs. Chadwick, black silk and jet; Miss Marion Chadwick, pale blue; Mrs. S. S. Macdonald, black silk; Miss Forsythe Grant, black velvet; Mrs. Alfred Benjamin, black satin; Miss Marion Wilkie, black silk and net; Mrs. Lillie, *vieux rose* silk and white lace; Mrs. Janes, white brocade; Miss Coverton, black satin and diamonds; Mrs. Arkie, black silk and lace; Miss Cox, white and pink; Mrs. Patterson, pale green; Miss Wardrop, brown silk; Mrs. Cross, black silk; Miss Horetaki, pink silk; Mrs. Horetaki, black silk with white lace; Mrs. Colonel Mason, black silk and lace; Mrs. Fred Jarvis, black lace; Mrs. Gianelli, white silk and lace; Miss Katie Stevenson, white satin.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sanford Alley have removed to their new home Dimora, 16 Elm avenue, Rosedale, where Mrs. Alley will be at home on the first and second Mondays of the month.

Mr. H. G. King, lately of the Western Bank of Canada, Oshawa, sailed for England on May 25 by the steamer *Etruria*.

Miss Eallien Melvin Jones, daughter of Hon. Lyman Jones, who with Mrs. Jones has been for the past two years on the Continent, was presented at the Drawing Room held on May 25.

Though copper-plate work is our specialty, the cheaper kind of printed work are better done by us than by those without an engraver's experience.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

May find our experience useful to them in deciding upon the form in which their Wedding Invitations are to be issued. Our specimens show varying forms to meet almost any requirement.

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The Professor's Experiment.

BY MRS. HUNGERFORD

Author of *Molly Bawn*, *Lady Branksome, The Duchess*, *A Born Couquette*, *The Red House Mystery*, &c.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"Tell me how to bear so blandly the assuming ways of wild young people!

"Truly they would be unbearable if I had not also been unbearable myself as well."—Goethe.

When Mr. Crosby had told the Barrys that he would come down next day for a game of tennis they had not altogether believed in his coming, so that when they see him from afar off, through the many holes in the hedge, walking towards them down the village street, surprise is their greatest sentiment.

"Susan!" says Dominick solemnly, pausing, racquet in hand. "It must be you. I always told you your face was your fortune, and a very small one at that. You'll have to marry him, and then we'll all go and live with you for ever. That'll be a treat for you, and will doubtless make up for the fact that he is emulating the Great Methusalem. If I can say a good word for you, I—O! how d'ye do, Mr. Crosby. Brought your racquet, too, I see—Carew. Now we'll make up a set: Mr. Crosby and—"

"Miss Susan, if I may," says Crosby, looking into Susan's charming face, whilst holding her hand in greeting. There are any amount of greetings to be got through when you go to see the Barrys. They are always *en evidence* and all full of life and friendliness. Even little Bonnie hurries up on his stick and gives him a loving greeting. The child's face is so sweet and so happily friendly, that Crosby stoops and kisses him.

"Certainly you may," says Susan genially. "But I'm not so good a player as Betty. She can play like anything. But to-day she has got a bad cold in her head. Well," laughing, "come on; we can try. And, after all, we can only be beaten."

They are, as it happens, and very badly, too, Mr. Crosby, though no doubt good at big games, being rather a tyro at tennis.

"I apologize," says he, when the game is at an end and they have all seated themselves upon the ground to rest and gather breath. "I'm afraid, Su—Miss Susan—you will hardly care to play with me again."

"I told you you could call me Susan," says she calmly. "Somehow I dislike the Miss before it. Betty told you 'Miss Barry' sounded like Aunt Jemima, but I think 'Miss Susan' sounds like Jane."

"Poor old Jane! And she's got such an awful nose!" says Betty. "I think I'd rather be like Aunt Jemima than her."

"Susan hasn't got an awful nose," says Bonnie, stroking Susan's dainty little Grecian appendage fondly. "It's a nice one."

"Susan is a beauty," says Betty. "We all know that! Even James went down before her. Poor James! I wonder what he is doing now!"

"Stewing in the Soudan," says Carew.

"He was always in one sort of a stew or other," says Dominick, "so it will come kindly to him. And after Susan's heartless behavior—"

"Dom!" says Susan in an awful tone. But Mr. Fitzgerald is beyond the reach of tones.

"Oh, it's all very well your taking it like that now," says he, "but when poor old James was here it was a different thing."

"It was not," says Susan indignantly.

"Are you going to deny that he was your abject slave? That he sat in your pocket from morning till night—well, very nearly night! That he followed you from place to place like a baa-lamb. That you did not encourage him in the basest fashion?"

"I never encouraged him. Encourage him! That boy!"

"Don't call him names, Susan, behind his back," says Betty, whose mischievous nature is now all afire, and who is as keen about the baiting of Susan as either Carew or Dom. "Besides, what a boy he is! He must be twenty-two at all events." This seems quite old to Betty.

"What did you do with the keepsake he gave you when he was going away?" asks Carew. He is lying flat upon the warm grass, his chin upon his palms, and looks up at Susan with judicial eyes. "What was it? I forgot now. A lock of his lovely hair?"

"No," says Betty, "a little silver brooch; an anchor!"

"That means hope!" says Dominick solemnly. "Susan, he is coming back next year—what are you going to say to him?"

"Just exactly what everybody else is going to say to him!" says Susan, who is now crimson. "And I didn't want that horrid brooch at all."

"Still you took it," says Betty. "I call that rather mean—to take it, and then say you didn't want it."

"Well, what was I to do?"

"Refuse it. Mildly but firmly," says Mr. Fitzgerald. "The acceptance of it was, in my opinion, as good as the acceptance of James. When he does come back, Susan, I don't see how you are to get out of being Mrs. James. That brooch is a regular binder! How does it seem to you, Mr. Crosby?"

"You see I haven't heard all the evidence yet," says Crosby, who is looking at Susan's flushed, half angry, wholly delightful face. James, whoever he is, seems to have been a good deal in her society at one time."

"There's no evidence," says she wrathfully. "And I wish you boys wouldn't be so stupid! As for the brooch—I hate it—I never wear it."

"Well, if ever anyone gives me a present I shall wear it every day and all day long," says Betty. "What's the good of having a lover if people don't know about it?"

"Is that so?" says Mr. Fitzgerald, regarding her with all the air of one to whom now the road seems clear. "Then the moment I become a millionaire—and there seems quite an immediate prospect of it just now—I shall buy you the Koh-i-noor, and you shall wear it on your beauteous brow and proclaim me as your 'nworthy lover to all the world."

"I will when I get it," says Betty with endearing sarcasm.

"The reason you won't wear it," says Carew.

alluding to Susan's despised brooch, "is plain to even the poor innocents around you. Girls, in spite of all Betty has said, seldom wear their keepsakes. They got cotton wool and wrap them up in it, and peep at them rapturously on Christmas Day or Easter Sunday, or on the beloved one's birthday, or some other sacred occasion. What's James' birthday, Susan?"

"I don't know," says Susan, "and I don't know either why you tease me so much about him. He is quite as little to me as I am to him." Her voice is trembling now. They have gone a little too far, perhaps, or is the memory of James "stewing in the Soudan" too much for her? Whichever it is, Mr. Crosby is growing anxious for her—but all the youngsters are now in full cry, and the proverbial cruelty of brothers and sisters is well known to many a long-suffering girl and boy.

"Oh, Susan," says Betty, "where does one go to when they tell naughty naughties? Dom, do you remember the evening just before James went abroad when he went into floods of tears because she wouldn't give him a rosebud she had in her dress? It took Dom and me, and Carew, and a pint of water to restore him."

At this they all laugh, even Susan, though very faintly and very shamefacedly. Her pretty eyes are shy and angry.

"He wanted a specimen to take out with him to astonish the natives," says Carew. "You were the real specimen he wanted to take out with him, Susan, but as that was impractical just then (it will probably be arranged next time), he decided on taking the rosebud instead."

"He wanted nothing," says Susan, whose face is now bent over Bonnie's as if to hide it. "He didn't care a bit about me."

"Indeed he did, Susan."

A fresh element has fallen into the situation. Everyone looks around. The voice is the voice of Jacky. Jacky, who, up to this, has been as usual buried in a book. This time the burial has been deeper than ever, as the day before yesterday someone had lent him Mr. Stevenson's enthralling *Treasure Island*, from which no one can ever extract themselves until the very last page is turned. Jacky, since he first began it, has been practically useless, but just now a few fragments of the conversation going on around him have filtered to his brain.

Now, in his own peculiarly disagreeable way, he adores Susan, and something has led him to believe that those around her are now deprecating her powers of attraction and that she is giving in to them for want of support. Well, he will support her. Poor old Jacky! he comes nobly forward to her rescue, and as usual puts his foot in it.

"He liked you better than anyone," says he, in his slow, ponderous fashion, glaring angrily at Betty, with whom he carries on an undying feud. "Why, don't you remember how he used to hunt you all over the garden to kiss you!"

Tableau!

Betty leads the way after a moment's awful pause, and then they all go off into shrieks of laughter. Jacky alone, sullen, silent, not understanding, stands as if petrified. Susan has pushed Bonnie from her and has risen to her feet. Her face is crimson now; her eyes are full of tears. Involuntarily Crosby rises too.

"He used not," says poor Susan. Alas, this assertion is not quite true. "And even it did, you," to the horrified Jacky, "should not have told it. You, Jacky!" trembling with shame. "I wouldn't have believed it of you. It was hateful of you; you," with a withering glance around, "are all hateful, and—and—"

She chokes, breaks down, and runs with swift, flying feet into the small shrubbery beyond where lies a little summer-house, in which she can hide herself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Tears are often to be found where there is little sorrow."

An embarrassed silence falls upon the group she leaves behind her. It had not occurred to them that she would care so much. They had often chaffed her before. It must—it must have been Mr. Crosby's being there that had put her out like that. To tell the truth they are all penitent—Betty perhaps even more than the others. But even her remorse sinks into insignificance before Jacky. His takes the nature of a wrathful attack upon the others, and ends in a storm of tears.

"He used not," says poor Susan. Alas, this assertion is not quite true. "And even it did, you," to the horrified Jacky, "should not have told it. You, Jacky!" trembling with shame. "I wouldn't have believed it of you. It was hateful of you; you," with a withering glance around, "are all hateful, and—and—"

"I didn't know. I didn't think she'd care," says Betty, in a frightened tone. "We often teased her before," and she might have said more, but an attack of sneezing lays her low.

"But before a stranger," says Carew anxiously. "I am afraid, Mr. Crosby, it is because you were here."

"It isn't a bit like Susan to care like that," says Dom. "I say," contritely, "I'm awfully sorry. I wonder where she is, Betty."

"You've been teasing her; you know you have—and she's mad with me now. And I didn't mean anything. An' she's crying, I know she is. And you're all beasts—beasts!"

It is at this point that his own tears break forth, and, like Susan, he flees from them—but, unlike Susan, howling.

"I didn't know. I didn't think she'd care," says Betty, in a frightened tone. "We often teased her before," and she might have said more, but an attack of sneezing lays her low.

"But before a stranger," says Carew anxiously. "I am afraid, Mr. Crosby, it is because you were here."

"There's no evidence," says she wrathfully. "And I wish you boys wouldn't be so stupid! As for the brooch—I hate it—I never wear it."

"Well, if ever anyone gives me a present I shall wear it every day and all day long," says Betty. "What's the good of having a lover if people don't know about it?"

"Is that so?" says Mr. Fitzgerald, regarding her with all the air of one to whom now the road seems clear. "Then the moment I become a millionaire—and there seems quite an immediate prospect of it just now—I shall buy you the Koh-i-noor, and you shall wear it on your beauteous brow and proclaim me as your 'nworthy lover to all the world."

"I will when I get it," says Betty with endearing sarcasm.

"The reason you won't wear it," says Carew.

ous to get the task of "making it up" with Susan, on to any other shoulders than their own.

"Well, I think I'll take a little hostage with me, or shall we say a peace offering," says Crosby, catching up Bonnie and starting with him for Susan's hiding-place. "Anyway, I've got a pioneer," says he. "He'll show me the way."

The way is short and very sweet. Along a gravelled pathway, between trees of glowing roses, to where in the distance is a tiny house made evidently by young untutored hands, out of young and very unseasoned timber.

A slender figure is inside it. A figure flung miserably into one of the corners, and crying—perhaps, after all, more angrily than painfully.

"Now, what on earth are you doing that?" says Crosby. He seats himself on the rustic bench beside her and places Bonnie on her knee. It seemed to him that that would be the best way to bring down her hands from her eyes. And he is not altogether wrong. It is impossible to let her little beloved one fall off her knees, so quickly, if reluctantly, she brings down her right hand so as to clasp him securely.

"What are you crying about?" goes on Crosby, very proud of the success of his first manœuvre. "Because somebody wanted to kiss you? You will have a good deal of crying at that rate, Susan, before you come to the end of your life."

He is laughing a little now, and as Bonnie has climbed up on her knees and is pulling away the other hand from her face, Susan feels she may as well make the best of a bad situation.

"It wasn't so much that," says she. "Though," anxiously, "Jacky exaggerated most dreadfully. As to my objecting to their teasing me about James McIlveagh—you have not seen him, or you would understand me better. It is not only that he is uninteresting, but that he is awful! His nose is like an elephant's trunk, and his eyes are as small as the head of a pin. And his clothes—his trousers—I don't know where he got his trousers, but Dom used to say his mother made them in her spare moments. Not that one would care about a person's trousers, of course," says Susan with intense earnestness, "if he was nice himself, but James wasn't nice, and I was never more glad in my life than when he went away."

"He's coming back, however."

"Yes, I know, and I'm sorry for it, if they are going to tease me all day long about him, as they are doing now. I think," with a hasty glance at him, born of the fact that she knows her eyes are disfigured by crying, "you might have tried to stop them."

"Well, you see, I hardly knew what to do at first," says Crosby, quite entering into the argument. "And when I did it was a little too late. Of course, it seemed to me a very possible thing that you might have given your heart to this young man with the nose and the unfortunate trousers, who is stewing in the Soudan."

"You might have known by my manner that I hated them to tease me about him," says Susan, very little appeased by his apology.

"I know better next time," says Crosby humbly. "But when I heard he had been following you about like a baa-lamb, and that you had taken that anchor from him, and that he used to—"

He is checked by a flash from Susan's eyes. There is a pause. Then suddenly she presses her face into Bonnie's flaxen hair and bursts into smothered laughter.

"Well, I don't care. He did—once. All around the gooseberry bushes, and I threw a spade at him, and it hit him on the head, and I thought I had killed him. I," with another glance at Crosby, now from between Bonnie's curls, "was dreadfully frightened then. But now I almost wish I had. Any way he never tried to—he never, I mean," confusedly, "hunted me again!"

"I begin to feel sincerely sorry for James," says Crosby. "He seems to me to have led but a sorry life before he started for the Soudan. When he comes home next year what will you do? He may be quite—he looks at her and smiles—"a mighty hunter by that time."

Susan laughs.

"Like you," says she.

Crosby looks at her. It is a ready answer, and with another might convey a certain meaning, but with Susan never.

"Ah, I'm afraid of gooseberry bushes," says he. "They have thorns in them. James, you see, surpasses me in valor. Talking of valor reminds me of those you have left behind you, and who have sent me here as their plenipo-

—
From the *Rockville (Ont.) Recorder*.

In and around Merrickville there is no medicine so popular as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This condition of things is hardly to be wondered at when it is known that there are here scores of people who owe the excellent health they enjoy to this great life-saving medicine. Mrs. R. M. Easton, a well known and estimable resident of the village, is among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Recently this lady related her experience to your correspondent as follows: "In the fall of 1893 I contracted a severe cold which resulted in congestion of the lungs. This threw me into bed, where I lay for over three months, all the while suffering a great deal, and apparently constantly growing weaker. I expectorated a great deal of blood, and at one time it was thought that nothing could save my life. But again I rallied and lay for a long time between life and death. I had suffered for some time before being taken down with a severe pain in my head and left side, and sharp, twinging pains between my shoulders. The pain in my side and head continued to trouble me all through my illness. The doctor gave up all hope and my friends made up their minds that I could not live. It was at this juncture that a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I sent and procured a couple of boxes. I began their use and soon felt an improvement in my condition, and by the time the two boxes were gone I could sit up in bed and take considerable nourishment. I gladly continued the use of the Pink Pills and soon found the pain in my left side and head gone, and I began to feel like a new person. By the time I had taken six boxes I was able to be up and around the house and could do some light work. I still continued using Pink Pills and constantly gained in strength until I was soon as strong

as ever I had been in all my life. Last fall I caught cold, and the pains to which I have referred returned in a light degree; but I had now found a cure for them, and taking a couple more boxes of pills I was as well as ever. I never had better health than at present, and feel such confidence in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I have always kept a box in the house, and I confidently believe that but for them I would have been in the grave today and my little ones motherless. I cannot say too much in their praise, and hope my experience may be the means of inducing some other sufferer to try them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and re-build shattered nerves, thus driving out diseases due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers impose on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.'

Books and Authors.

MISERRIMA by G. W. T. Omund is published in the Autonym series of T. Fisher Unwin. It is not a strong story in any respect, yet its very simplicity recommends it as the story unfolds itself. There is an unmistakable moral in it all, which is made the stronger because not preached forth or expanded upon. The story is that of a young rural school mistress and a squire's son. They fall in love. It being mutually realized that marriage is out of the question, she agrees to go to London and be maintained there by him, and within a year she runs him deeply into debt. The Squire pays his debts stipulating that he break loose from "that wretched girl." But the events repeat themselves and again the Squire pays off the money-lenders and takes his heir home. At the end of six months Herbert finds himself in London and hunts up Bessie. She is now called Mrs. Montague, and Montague is a well known horseman, half gambler, half jockey. Like her lord, she drinks to excess, smokes and swears a bit. Herbert is again attracted by her, and in his mixed feelings mixes his drinks and visits her rooms, whereupon she orders him out, tries to hit him, and Montague and his friends kick him out. He goes for a tour of the continent with some of his distinguished friends. Before quoting the effective closing chapter, I must hark back to say that Bessie Richards in leaving home did so mysteriously, and her parents never suspected the Squire's son of complicity in the matter. The story closes with two pen pictures.

A year after, and a sultry London night, with the glare of the street lamps quenching the rays of the yellow moon, which hung high in mid-heaven above the city. The traffic was lessening, but the omnibus rolled along, the cab flew past and the ceaseless murmur thronged on every side. Foot passengers were thick on the pavement of Regent street. Belated business men were hurrying home. Shop girls and shop boys, arm-in-arm were dawdling along, laughing and gossiping. Well dressed men strolled down the street, and women, some young and pretty, and some with the withering blight upon their faces, eyed them as they passed.

Bessie Richards had just got out of a bus at the corner of Piccadilly and was moving off, when a man who was sauntering along smoking a cigar accosted her.

"Good evening, my dear," he said casually.

"Good evening," she replied; and they walked away, side by side, along the pavement.

She had never seen him before.

From behind the elms the glorious yellow moon sailed up into the sky. It shone upon the white house among the trees and on the cottage near the entrance of the village. Higher and higher it rose, till the meadows were full of light, and in the valley bright gleams among the low pollards showed where the Cherwell flowed between its level banks. The moonlight mingled with the lights of Oxford, and glimmered mysteriously on the faint outlines of the Berkshire hills.

Mrs. Richards was standing at the cottage door. The old man was dozing in his wooden chair within, tired after his long day's work.

"I hear wheels on the road, John," she said.

"It's likely Mr. Herbert and his bride. They were expected home to-day."

And then she went in and fastened the door.

And so it ends, as such love cases nearly always do end, in the complete destruction of the woman and the marriage of the man to a respectable woman, with whom he lives a respectable life, no doubt. This is from the human view point. But if God be God, and right be right, we must expect that such an affair as this will one day be subjected to a very different and much more thorough analysis. The story has not for us the significance that it will have for British readers. We are so democratic here that the daughters of the poor need no warning against the sons of squires.

If a belted knight or crowned king were to talk of love to the humblest maiden she would promptly view it in a matrimonial light. The whole tendency of teaching, the strength of all the moral influences, contribute to make it so. The level of life upon which all move in America thus produces a moral health of the finest, as well as entitling each person to nurse ambitions of every sort. Yet it brings its penalties too, for Jack, not content with considering himself as good as his master, invariably holds him in some contempt. It requires only a little observation of what is going on around us to perceive that a great deal of misery is introduced into life by men marrying women who have not enjoyed, let us say, the same privileges as themselves. A man is attracted by the health, the pliancy, the prettiness of a woman, and, warned by no convention, marries her, only to find that his ideas of home, of living, of enjoyment, are not hers. She may be quick to adjust herself—she may remain unadjusted to the end. In this case it is bad, and whatever degree of silence the man may preserve, not until his dying day can he fail to squirm as his wife violates those social sanctities which to him constitute the ritual of life. The shallower she is the more she plumes herself upon her superior common sense in rejecting those standards which the select have set up. She will have no nonsense. She is just as good as anybody and will ape no one. And so the son of Dives and the daughter of Lazarus go through life ill-mated, she talking of alms and crumbs and the of banquets and clubs. To anticipate comment in thus making use of names, I would remark that it was not the aims-seeking and the pauperism of Lazarus that won him a place in Abraham's bosom, nor was Dives sent into torment for possessing the habits and station of a gentleman—a view of the parable that requires to be emphasized now and then. Sometimes, too, the daughter of Lazarus will squander money in a way that would astonish her late father. She has no idea of values and gets young Mr. Dives into trouble speedily. She scatters with both hands, for spending money is new to her. The married daughter of Dives can do more with five thousand dollars than she can with ten. She does things vulgarly, self-consciously, arrogantly; to show how the Lazaruses are coming along in the world she outshines all in expenditures, especially those at whose doors she stood as a child soliciting food or receiving other kindness. As Dives, Jr., showers his money upon her head she thinks him not; she is his wife, it is his duty. Had Bessie Richards been an American girl she would have securely married Herbert Austin, swooped down upon the family residence and bossed it in short order. She would have had the estates mort-



"Stop crying, Reginald. Your grandmother's turn comes next."—Life.

gaged in no time to yield the cash wherewith to convince the county families that she was as good as the best of them. She would have had finer carriages, more servants, grander receptions. The old squire would probably have poisoned himself, his wife would have been pensioned off into some small house in the neighborhood, but Bessie would not have gravitated to the slums of a city had she been an American girl.

Lest we grow too content with the plan of life in Canada, it is well sometimes to reflect upon the conditions that prevail. Are we to flatter ourselves upon an equality of citizenship so complete that a youthful bicyclist who knocks down a bishop upon a street crossing may curse him for a blind old foey who can't see where he is going? Are we to compliment ourselves because the man who delivers our coal is sufficiently independent in spirit to blackguard the lady of the house who objects to the destruction of her boulevard? Is it matter for congratulation that street car conductors are staunch enough to slang and bluster over any gentleman or lady who ventures to protest against anything whatever? If lineage and wealth are to be sneered at by those who are possessed of neither, should not respect be paid to worth, to learning, to philanthropy, to sobriety, to good citizenship, to every virtue, to old age and all that are afflicted? But if respect in any form is too much to ask unless self-interest is involved, should not courtesy be cultivated as a precious artificiality?

A few weeks ago I reproduced from a London paper some comments upon Mr. Douglas Sladen's new book on the Cars and Off, also a portion of Lord Dufferin's preface to the work. The *Literary World* spoke admiringly of the illustrated cover of the book, but if the copy lying on my desk is not a cheap specimen of it, I must say that the cover strikes me as the most elaborate failure of the year. It is bizarre; irritating in daylight and flat under the gas-light. The photographic group of tobogganers in the foreground if let into the cover alone would have been effective, but the blue background of mountains and clouds makes the cover tawdry. The work is, however, an important one for Canada, Mr. Sladen having traveled through the Dominion and written up our country and people with charming frankness. That a stranger should have mastered the significance of our conditions at the present time as the author has done, commands our instant admiration. He tells the story of his trip from Halifax to Vancouver, B.C., illustrating his text with eighty-seven half-tone and pen drawings and nineteen collotype plates. Halifax, Montreal, Quebec, Kingston, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, Niagara Falls, the Thousand Islands are all described as they are now, while such of the places as possess a history are skilfully treated in this respect. The story is told of Nelson's infatuation for a Quebec girl which nearly caused him to leave from the navy and settle in Canada. Ere sailing away he put back from his ship to make a proposal of marriage, when a friend intercepted him and persuaded Capt. Nelson to postpone or abandon the purpose. Southeby has said that the girl was Miss Simpson, the bar-maid of the Chien D'Or Inn, but our author quotes M. Le Moine as saying that this is not so, the lady being Miss Mary Simpson, quite the belle of Quebec at that time; others say it was a Miss Prentice, or a Miss Woolsey. Nelson must have flirted about rather gayly to have left so much doubt as to the identity of the lady who held his heart in custody. Mr. Sladen says very many good things. Here is one in his description of the C. P. R. trip across the North-West: "Whenever you stop at a station, all the steps for getting down are packed with people taking pot shots with kodaks. American children learn kodaking long before they learn how to behave themselves." I cannot say more at present of this book, but can unreservedly recommend it. Published by Ward, Lock & Bowden (Ltd.), London; Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd.), Toronto.

"I was talking with Dr. Holmes one day," says a writer in the *Interior*, "when the con-

Privilege of Seniority.

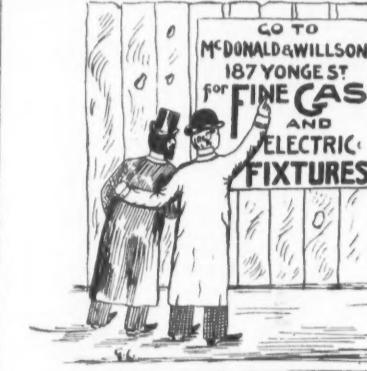


versation turned upon his classmates who were living. 'Now, there's Smith,' he said. 'His name will be honored by every school child in the land when I have been forgotten a hundred years. He wrote *My Country, 'Tis of Thee*. If he had said 'Our Country' the hymn would not have been immortal, but that 'my' was master stroke. Everyone who sings the hymn at once feels a personal owner ship in his native land. The hymn will last as long as the country.'" To Englishmen and Canadians the rumpus that is being kicked up in honor of the man who wrote the American National Anthem is hard to account for. He did not originate the air, for the air was familiar to thousands of his countrymen who had heard the British National Anthem, and really the words alone amount to little. I think Mr. Alexander Muir of Toronto in writing *The Maple Leaf* performed a greater act. Mr. Smith's performance was paralleled in Mr. J. L. Hughes' hymn to the air of *Beulah Land*.

The visitors' books at Stratford-on-Avon show that the number of pilgrims is increasing every year. The register for the year ending in March shows the number of visitors to have been 19,485, an increase of 1,708 over that of the previous year. Rather less than half this total, or 9,150, came from places in England and Wales. Only 215 persons from Scotland and 206 from Ireland were among the pilgrims, whilst America sent no fewer than 4,335. It is evident that a very large proportion of the American tourists do not fail to pay a visit to Stratford-on-Avon. Canadians and Australians are also well represented among those who pay this homage to the immortal memory of Shakespeare.

Arthur Paterson has published another story of the West and I found it very engrossing as a simple story of adventure with Apaches and horse thieves. Mike Alison, the desperado, proves a true friend to Harry Thornton and saves the settlement during an Indian raid. Bell's Indian and Colonial Library, Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd.), Toronto.

A woman's edition of the *St. Catharines Standard* was issued last week and proved a very creditable production. In England it is becoming quite a fad with ladies of the nobility



"They are the People"

from whom I bought the gas fixtures for our new house. They have the best selection of new and pretty Gasoliers and Hall Lights we found anywhere, and we went pretty near all over. We found their prices very low, too. Why, on some of the fixtures we bought it didn't seem as though they charged us more than half what the others wanted. We liked the way they put them up, too.

==Rigby== Bicycle Suits!

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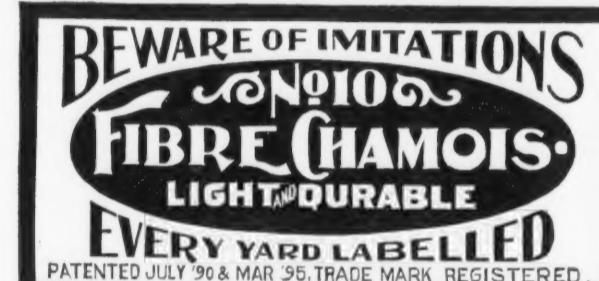
A Rubber-proofed Coat cannot be worn by Wheelmen. The Rigby Bicycle Suit is just the thing. It keeps out the rain.

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Until the Christy came, Bread Knives had always been made with a straight blade. But the scalloped edge does the work so much easier, that no housekeeper would go back to the old style. It cuts new bread as thin as old; cuts cake without crumbs, and meat without shreds. It was exhibited at the World's Fair as the Model Bread Knife of the day. Miss Corson, Mrs. Ewing, Mrs. Rorer, and other eminent authorities recommend them. The latest pattern, shown above, has a WOODEN HANDLE. Sold by dealers everywhere. Sent by mail on receipt of 75 cents.

CHRISTY KNIFE CO., 30 Wellington St. East, Toronto

contribute to the press. Lady Constance Howard, the sister-in-law of the Earl of Effingham, writes for several ladies papers. Lady Colin Campbell edits a weekly paper and writes for others. Lady Grenville contributes columns to several journals. Lady William Lennox (aunt of the Duke of Richmond), the Countess of Stradbroke, the Countess of Cork and Lady Fairlie Cunynghame are, or have been, more or less identified with journalism.

Among the new books received this week are: *Under the Chilterns*, a story of English life, Pseudonym Library, T. Fisher Unwin, London, Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd.), Toronto; *Eve's Ransom* by George Gissing, a charming story that ran serially in the *Illustrated London News*, published by Geo. Bell & Sons, London; Copp, Clark Co. (Ltd.), Toronto. J. R. WYE.

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Jolly's "Duchess" Pills will restore color, health, strength and beauty, and make the palest face clear and rosy, thus producing a lovely complexion.

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But to restore these all that is necessary is to send 50 cents to Lyman Bros. & Co., Sole Agents, 71 Front Street East, Toronto, for a box of Jolly's "Duchess" Pills, containing 60 doses, easy to take and sufficient to cure any ordinary case.

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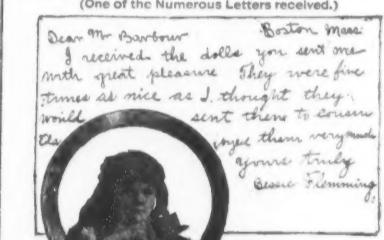
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(Signed) MAYNARD BOWMAN
Pub. Analyst, Nova Scotia and P. E. Island

(One of the Numerous Letters received.)



Boston Mass
I received the dolls you sent me with great pleasure. They were fine
dolls as nice as I thought they
would be. I sent them to a friend
in Boston and she says they are
very nice. Yours truly
Bessie Flemming.

BESSIE FLEMMING.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

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Stage and Platform.

IT IS not generally known that Chauncey Olcott, who appeared at the Grand last week as *The Irish Artist*, is a Toronto boy. I have had an interview this week with my friend, The Calcium Man, who told me all about Mr. Olcott and many other Toronto people who travel with theatrical companies.

Mr. Olcott was born in this city thirty-eight years ago. In driving down town to the Woodbind during race week he recognized and pointed out the house east of the Don where he used to live. It was his father and Messrs. Howell and Pardee who laid out and built the race-course. It was Chauncey Olcott who drove the first horse that was ever driven around the ring. Olcott closes his season in New York to-day and will spend the summer traveling in England, Ireland and Scotland.

Mr. James Whitcombe, who has been playing the heavy villain in Pete Baker's Company for several seasons, will spend his summer in Toronto.

The familiar figure of Mr. Gus Thomas, who has been with Hoyt's Trip to Chinatown for two seasons, may be seen any day upon the streets. He will spend part of his summer here.

Mr. Alexander McLean, who has been manager for Gus Williams, the Dutch comedian, has closed his season in New York and returned to Toronto.

Fred Hallen of Hallen & Hart, who appeared at the Toronto Opera House last week, was born on Teraulay street in this city.

Mr. John Ross, who is a graduate of the Grand Opera House, is master mechanic in Mr. Olcott's company. He has been under Mr. Piton's management for some years, and is very popular with the company. After June 1 he will return from New York and spend the summer camping with a lot of theatrical friends in the famous tent, Hotel de Lala Coolah, on the shores of Lake Simcoe.

Mr. Albert Brown has landed home hearty as ever. He has made the longest trip of any of the local men, jumping from Winnipeg, Man., to Kingston, Jamaica, with E. A. McDowell's company. It required a constitution like his to stand the change from extreme cold to extreme heat. He was with the Vendetta Company for two seasons, and has been for the past two seasons with Lewis Morrison's No. 2 Faust Company as master mechanic, and is under contract with the same company for next season. He also will be a star boarder for the summer at Hotel de Lala Coolah.

The fond and doting father of all the boys in the theatrical mechanical business is Mr. Burrows Raymond, who spent most of the season as master mechanic with The Black Crook Company. He will spend his summer at his home in the city.

Over at Manhattan Beach Mr. Robert Cowan, master mechanic with Hoyt's Trip to Chinatown, No. 1 Company, is summering in his regal way.

Those who saw Madame Sans Gene at the Grand did not know that Mr. Robert Newman of this city was the master mechanic to whose skill the fine stage settings, so smoothly handled, were in large measure due. Mr. Newman has returned home with something in view for the summer, and will not go away until the opening of the season.

Mr. Thomas Quinn, who is master mechanic with Hoyt's Trip to Chinatown Company, No. 2, is in town for a few days and will spend his summer at Myrtle, Ont.

Mr. Charles Hesswell is one of the youngsters and has been master of properties with Hoyt's Trip to Chinatown No. 1 Company, and has come back with flying colors, i.e., a contract for next season. He also will spend his summer at the camp on Lake Simcoe and will look after the properties, seeing that the Duke or any of the other characters does not wander away with any of the perishables or side props.

At time of writing I have not seen *Electra*, which is being put on at the Grand by Mr. H. N. Shaw and the Conservatory School of Elocution. But the dress rehearsal Tuesday evening was a great success in the opinion of a small group of invited critics. The advance sale of seats was fairly large, and it should prove quite an event, socially and dramatically.

Mrs. Baldwin as a prophetess has been entirely discredited. Many of the young men who attended the races bet money upon Millbrook for the Queen's Plate, with a feeling that they were simply finding coin, for had not this wonderful woman predicted that Millbrook would win? The fact is that she only said that "Millbrook is the best horse." But she did say out-and-out that Waterloo would win the Red Coat race. Here the prophetess was away off. She said also that Harry McAlmont's entry would win the Derby for 1895. Again she is amiss, for Lord Rosebery's colt has captured it, with McAlmont's entry nowhere. A large number of people would have been money in pocket had they accepted my theory that the Baldwin's entertainment was half humbug—that all prophecy was humbug pure and simple. As regards the mind-reading,

while the Baldwins were not the sort of people whom we would expect to find so subtly gifted, yet, as has been stated before, we have such a host of reliable witnesses that there is no escape from belief in it. Those who at the races lost money on "Baldwin tips" can certainly not blame this paper, for the nonsense of the thing was denounced.

Henry Irving has once more proven his position in a wonderful degree of that versatility which so many critics see fit to deny in him. He had in the past year delighted the public with his delineation of the character of an old corporal in Dr. Conan Doyle's *A Story of Waterloo*, and now he has come out in a drama founded upon Cervantes' novel *Don Quixote*. The late W. G. Wills had dramatized the novel, but Irving found it necessary to boil it down into two acts. All who have read *Don Quixote* will appreciate the difficulty of staging the story of it, and we can believe the critics who say that any living actor other than Irving

more than any actor in the profession. He and Joseph Holland are great friends, and they have not happened to meet this season. One day last week Barrymore dropped in at the Lamb's Club and met a few congenial friends. "By the way, boys," he said, "how is dear old Joe Holland? Where is he now? I should so like to see him." "Why, he's playing over in Philadelphia, at Mrs. Drew's theater. Why don't you jump on the train this afternoon and run over there? You'll see him play Brutus in *Julius Caesar* to-night." "I'd love to do so," said Barrymore enthusiastically, "but thank God, I can't."

Barrymore has a son who is now quite a young man, and who is as bright as the beautiful girl who is his daughter. Mrs. Barrymore (the lamented George Drew) used to have a good deal of trouble with this youngster, and one day she said to Maurice that he must take a hand in the lad's management. He remonstrated, but the wife insisted. "He was at school only one day last week," she said, "and I cannot make him go."

"Send him here to me," said Barrymore, putting aside his book and assuming a stern air. The youngster finally strolled in, hands in pockets, and his mamma listened at the door for the storm. "Your mother tells me," began the stern father, "that you were at school but one day last week. Now I want to know how you happened to go on that one day?" "Maurice Barrymore!" exclaimed the irate wife, bouncing into the room, "if that is your way of lecturing your son I shall take him in hand myself;" and she walked the boy out by the ear, while her husband concluded that he was not fit to discipline boys.

There is an intelligent actor in Chicago who is improving his idle time before next season in selling, or trying to sell, a fine Shakespeare. The other day he called on a good-natured but rather dense German who keeps a beer hall on Dearborn street. "Good day," he said to the ruddy proprietor. "I am selling Shakespeare." "Nein," said the German. "I want to make no change. I have already Pabst beer and Schlitz beer and I don't drink I want Chace's beer." "No, no, my friend," protested the actor-book agent, "you misunderstand me. This is a book." "Oh, does all right," said the German. "I have book, too."

In Reply to Dr. O'Hagan.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CRITICS OF PROTESTANT WRITERS.

SIR.—It would seem your correspondents McC. and Thomas O'Hagan have but a poor opinion of the average intelligence and ability of Protestant writers who have dealt with matters relating to the Romish Church. The two gentlemen, like others of their sect, ignore the fact that this is a reading age and that the sources of knowledge and foundations of learning are as freely accessible to Protestants as they are to Romanists; yea, even more so, since the Romanists may be said to be at a disadvantage in this respect inasmuch as they are forbidden under pain of severe spiritual penalties to read or peruse any book named in the index expurgatorius at Rome.

When Protestant readers discover what they conceive to be the truths of history or religion they fearlessly make them known, no matter how unsatisfactory or displeasing to Pope, prelate, king, or sect these truths may be. Should such expressions of opinion not be in strict accord with Romish dogma and policy, that church deems it expedient to condemn them and to place any book or paper containing them on the expurgatorius list. In short, if safety of the Church demands it, truth must be repressed.

Many of our Romanist friends would seem to be the victims of religious hyperesthesia. One has but to touch their religion never so gently to produce a series of the most astonishing reflex phenomena. These same people fail to see anything wrong when one of their numbers, either lay or clerical, displays his bigotry and bad taste in reviling, calumniating and misrepresenting the whole Protestant branch of Christ's church. Many of such people believe and teach that Martin Luther and Henry VIII. were devils incarnate and that they founded the Protestant church to gratify their demoniacal ambition and sensual tastes. Protestants sometimes go to Romanist churches and have to listen to such stuff, yet they do not get angry and retort through the press by showing up some of the less reputable popes of Rome. Once in a while an ex-prest may resort to such a practice, but inasmuch as he is a product, like Henry VIII., of Romish teaching and training, Protestants must be excused from assuming the responsibility of his utterances and conduct.

Now, one of these supersensitive defenders of Romish faith and practice has been chastening a recent writer to your popular paper for having described an evening service in St. Peter's church at Rome as a *mass*.

The writer's use of the term complained of was a colloquial one, and while perhaps not canonically accurate, was, in the sense employed, perfectly correct. The other defender feels hurt that our immortal Shakespeare should have made Juliet ask the priest if she should meet him at evening mass. In doing so Shakespeare knew what he was about, and that it was the very word—*mass*—ninety-nine out of every hundred young women would probably have used, in that age and country, under similar circumstances.

Mr. O'Hagan might as well say that the bard made a mistake when he makes the old man say that R stands for dog, Scene IV., Act II.

From the earliest Christian times the word *mass* has been used not only in reference to the Holy Communion service, but also services at which there was no such celebration. Of these the evening service of prayer and song was one to which the term was applied. The common people both on the Continent and in Britain were accustomed until very recent times to refer to these evening services as *evening mass*.

The tenacity with which people in the olden times held to their early customs, habits and language, teaches us many things not to be found in old writings and books, and although documentary evidence on this subject is abundant, we have further proof in the survival of the colloquialism among the

people of Europe until very recent times that it was not considered inaccurate to use the expression "evening mass" as synonymous with evening services, though such an expression was understood to mean "dry mass." *Vide* Century Encyclopaedia and Dictionary; the Globe Encyclopaedia and Shakespeare, scenes I., act IV., Romeo and Juliet.

Hamilton, May 20.

J. B.

EVENING MASS.

SIR.—Allow me to draw Mr. O'Hagan's attention to the fact that at a certain period in the history of the Roman Catholic Church there were afternoon masses. The third Council of Orleans, A.D. 538, forbids men to attend armed "Sacrificia Matutina Misserum si Vespertina."

Evening masses include those, we also have authority for saying, of Wednesday and Friday, which, except between Easter and Whitsuntide, were also in the afternoon. Again, "The daily offices were themselves called missa, or masses, as by the Council of Agde, in 506." "At the end of the morning and evening missa, i.e. of matins and vespers." "The church in which both the evening and morning or missal office is performed." De Gest, Aldrich, xx., Balug, Miscell., i. 90.

When, then, Shakespeare made use of the term "mass" as applied to vespers, he was but speaking in the ordinary manner of the times respecting the service at that hour.

C.



Sir Henry Irving as Don Quixote.

would have involved himself in failure in attempting to do it. But Irving made a personal triumph. He presented the real and living *Don Quixote*, as he presented the real and living *Becket*. We are told that he stood forth the very man that Cervantes invented, his poor brain addled with dreams and romances, indomitable in prowess, unfaltering in self-reliance. Can anyone possibly conceive of a scene more difficult of handling than *Quixote's* joust with the windmill? And yet we are assured that Irving made it effective.

The Lamb's Club in New York City is the popular resort of many of the better class of stage players, and in its cozy corners actors of national reputation are to be found at all times. Not long ago the lounging-room was occupied one afternoon by Comedian William H. Crane, Maurice Barrymore, the actor-wit, and Sidney Rosenfeld, the erratic playwright. The three had been idling away a quiet hour. "Well," said Comedian Crane, yawning and rising, "I can do better than this, I think. I'm going to run over and take in an act of *The Fatal Card*." "I think I can do better than that," said Actor Barrymore. "I'm going out to the ball game," and he prepared to leave. "I can do better than either of you," said Playwright Rosenfeld. "I'm going home to read one of my plays." "Yes, you do beat us, Sidney," said Barrymore; "neither of us could do that."

John Kernal, the well known Irish comedian, recently closed his season on the road and went into New York City to spend the summer. He put up at a hotel there, and one night, through some mistake, the clerk put opposite the number of Kernal's room a "call" for 6:30 a.m. The hotel had in its service one of those vigorous porters who will break in a door rather than allow a man to oversleep on a call, and this man was so persistent that Kernal finally arose and dressed himself in order to put a stop to the racket. When he went downstairs he saw by the clock that it was just seven. "See here," he said to the clerk, in angry tones, "why do you wake me up at this hour of the morning when I have nothing to do until August?"

Eddie Foy always insists upon having a fairy in the spectacles in which he figures. He likes to chew her wings and take away her wand and do foolish things with it. When Harry B. Smith started to write *Little Robinson Crusoe*, he was informed that Mr. Foy wanted a fairy "into it." Then Manager Bowles started to look up a good girl for the fairy part. Statuesque Kate Uart, who has been in the habit of playing fairies, was suggested, but it was said that her size and her tragic air were against her. Finally a sister of Julia Marlowe was engaged, and she was engaged because of her beautiful voice and her ability to "read lines" intelligently. When Mr. Smith sent on the manuscript of the burlesque it was discovered that his fairy part was a pantomimic part. Not a single speaking line was given to its interpreter.

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Providence Turned Down.

HERE was not a large crowd at the ball grounds Monday afternoon when we defeated Providence, seven to six. Only about three hundred people were scattered about the grand stand, roosting upon the railings or squatting upon the golden stairs away over beyond first bag. But we knew our business. We knew when to yell and how to yell, and we yelled. It was Smitee who opened the ball with a three bagger, and he gave it another paralytic stroke in his second time at bat. He also sent out a couple of daisy cutters. There was talk at first of releasing Smitee, but if anyone spoke of it now he would get lynched. The giant third baseman is the hero of those in the grand stand and of those who bake in the sun or shiver in the wind. He misses things now and then, but that's because he is such a worker and runs at anything that comes near his section of country. You should hear the crowd cheer when Smitee goes to bat. Casey is the other hero. There is always an idea that Casey is



Smitee Opens the Ball.

going to hit the ball right over into Ashbridge's Bay. He is full of springs, and when he is catching he looks as if he would, were it not against the rules, run into the outfield after a fly and gather it in. When a foul tip goes up on the roof of the grand stand Casey prances around looking up, and every minute you expect to see him spring to the eaves. But I guess that, too, is against the rules. He is the gamest player in the team and the way his jolly short legs twinkle down to second is delightful to see. He can slide like a toboggan and right himself like a cat. More than all, he is not a talker, which makes him a phenomenon, for who ever saw any other little man who when playing baseball didn't talk right, either with the umpire or all the occupants of the grand stand? Look at Shaw for instance. He is a little 'un. When the umpire calls a ball against him he starts to walk off the field until he observes that he is walked in by rules and fines and contracts. There, too, is Charley Maddock glaring at him. So he goes back, paws up the earth in his box like an enraged Shetland, and suddenly sends in a lightning curve that would carry the umpire's head away with it, if Lake didn't gather it in so calmly. "Ball two," calls the umpire. Then Shaw puts in a snake twist; it starts for third base, curves about to see the short stop, veers up



Joe Knight hits one of Shaw's Curves.

and westward toward the roof behind, and then suddenly scoots downward over the center of the plate. "Strike three and out." The only man who hit one of Shaw's grating teasers was Joe Knight, who let the straight ones get past, but biffed a circuitous straggler. Shaw is all right; he is briny and keen, but he should tie a knot in his handkerchief to remind himself that he is a hired man who is expected to keep on sawing wood. We will come out of the grand stand and kill the umpire when he is ripe for slaughter.

The umpire had to fine Captain Murray and Stricker of the Providence nine for sassiness. Shaw struck a man out, getting in the third strike by pitching it rapidly and without any preliminary fuss. The batsman was not ready, but that makes no difference. Murray objected that Shaw was not in the box when he pitched the ball. Doescher told him to shut up, which he didn't do, so he was fined ten dollars and costs. Stricker chimed in and was fined ten dollars or thirty days. The galleries cheered the umpire without knowing the cause of the row. I am of the opinion that Shaw was not in the box when he pitched the ball, but if



The Providence Captain Kicks.

the umpire did not observe that, he could do nothing. Of course it is his business to see things, and generally he was observant enough. The crowd felt that he was giving Toronto the worst of it, especially Shaw. He is said to have crushed Crane Saturday afternoon.

Lutenberg is off duty with an injured arm

Neatly Put.

Young Madam (to stout old lady who crowds forward)—You go first, madam. There is an empty seat. The gentlemen will rise for us.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

and Jeff Blahey held down first bag Monday. He did it well. He hit out a couple of good ones, but he could not have failed to make the double play in the ninth. The ball was batted straight and true into his hands and the runner came right up to be touched. Sippi on second has fallen off somewhat. He is captain of the team, yet he doesn't seem to know it. The coaching Monday was a disgrace to professional ball. Runners had to see for themselves whether they could go on from third or not. Meara missed a fly in the outfield. Freeman and Meara allowed a couple to fall between them. One of them is to blame. Freeman misjudged one but caught it over his shoulder. Demont has picked up considerably at short stop. He runs straight and true and made a neat double play, stopping a ball, hopping upon second and then shutting the batsman out at first. Lake is doing all the catching now, it having been found that he can catch as well as Casey, while the latter can go him on one better in the outfield. Lake is a strong bat.

The team is a very good one, but if we don't want to come in at the tail of the league there must be some coaching done. Sippi will have to prove himself a better general. Meara and Freeman must contrive somehow to cover that strip of unprotected country that stretches between them. Several of the men must quit bunting and waiting for bases on balls. They will have to hit out as Smitee does and win or lose it all.

H. ALF HALLDAY.

Max Nordau and Degeneracy.

UR reviewer has recently on the page devoted to books and authors referred to Max Nordau's volume on Degeneracy, and it may interest many to give in condensed form samples of his treatment of authors. Nordau claims that the prominent writers of the day are degenerates, moral perverts and more or less insane.

WALT WHITMAN.

I should like here to interpolate a few remarks on Walt Whitman, who is likewise one of the deities to whom the degenerate and hysterical of both hemispheres have for some time been raising altars. Lombroso ranks him expressly among "mad geniuses." Mad Whitman was without doubt. But a genius? That would be difficult to prove. He was a vagabond, a reprobate rake, and his poems contain outbursts of crotomania so artlessly shameless that their parallel in literature could hardly be found with the author's name attached.

For his fame he has to thank just those bestially sensual pieces which first drew to him the attention of all the prurient of America. He is morally insane, and incapable of distinguishing between good and evil, virtue and crime. In his patriotic poems he is a sycophant of the corrupt American vote-buying, official-bribing, power-abusing, dollar-democracy, and a cringer to the most arrogant Yankee conceit. His war poems—the much renowned Drum Taps—are chiefly remarkable for swaggering bombast and

stilted patter. His purely lyrical pieces, with their ecstatic "Oh!" and "Ah!" with their soft phrases about flowers, meadows, spring and sunshine, recall the most arid, sugary and effeminate passages of our old Gessner, now happily buried and forgotten.

MAETERLINCK.

Maurice Maeterlinck, an example of an utterly childlike, idiotically-incoherent mysticism. I have translated with the greatest exactness, and not omitted one word of the three "poems." Nothing would be easier than to compose others on these models, overtrumping even those of Maeterlinck, e. g.:

Flowers!

And we groan so heavily under the very old taxes! An hour-glass, at which the dog barks in May; and the strange envelope of the negro who has not slept. A grandmother who would eat oranges and could not write! Sailors in a ball-room, but blue! blue! On the bridge this crocodile and the policemen with the swollen cheek bookend silently!

Two soldiers in the cow-house, and the razor is notched! And on the lamp are ink-spots!

But why parody Maeterlinck? His style bears no parody, for it has already reached the extreme limits of idiocy. Nor is it quite worthy of a mentally sound man to make fun of a poor devil of an idiot. Some of his poems are written in the traditional poetical form; others, on the contrary, have neither measure nor rhyme, but consist of lines of prose, arbitrary, changing in length, not according to the style of Goethe's great poems, or of Heine's North Sea Songs, which ripple by with very strongly marked rhythmic movement, but deaf, jolting and limping, as the items of an inventory. These pieces are a servile imitation of the effusions of Walt Whitman, that crazy American to whom Maeterlinck was necessarily strongly attracted, according to the law I have repeatedly set forth—that all deranged minds flock together. Maeterlinck, then, is "Mad" just as a servile imitator of crazy Walt Whitman, and carries his absurdities still further. Besides his poems he has written things to which one cannot well refuse the name of plays, since they are cast in the form of dialogues. These parts are precisely those most extolled by Maeterlinck's admirers. According to them, all has been chosen with a deep artistic intention. A healthy reader will scarcely swallow that. Maeterlinck's puppets say nothing because they have nothing to say. Their author has not been able to put a single thought into their hollow skulls, because he himself possesses none. The creatures moving on his stage are not thinking and speaking human beings, but tadpoles or slugs, considerably more stupid than trained fleas at a fair.

Those of us who have been privileged to read something of Maeterlinck's, after going through the weakening processes of translation, will emphatically disagree with Nordau when he says that Maeterlinck's "puppets" have nothing to say. If he be mad, then are we all mad together and have been since the beginning. Sanity thus is the offence and insanity the triumph. But now that we have heard Nordau in judgment of others, let us hear Mr. Charles Whibley in *The New Review* express his opinion of Nordau:

Herr Max Nordau is the True Degenerate.

We have his own authority for pronouncing him a mattock, afflicted with graphomania and monotypism, with misnomes and echolalia. And further, the supreme vice of egomaniac is added to his account, that he may not by any artifice escape the effect of his own convulsions. "Hegel," says Lombroso, "believed in his own divinity." He began a lecture with these words: "I may say with Christ that not only do I teach the truth, but that I am myself truth." So, too, Herr Nordau concludes his experiments: "I am not that man with this impertinence: 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am come not to destroy, but to fulfill.' His mind may be easy; he will destroy nothing more valuable than himself. And after this master-stroke of egomaniac you are confirmed in the opinion that his chin and his forehead recede at the same angle of forty-five degrees, and that he is decorated with a fine pair of long-pointed, fawn-like ears. For of such is the Kingdom of Bedlam.

McBye and Jobkins.

H E was a gaunt-looking individual, was McBye, tall, slim and undeniably seedy. He leaned gracefully against the bar, posing, it seemed to me, inviting that public admiration and homage which, alas! were never to be his.

It was the third drink; and under the meliorating influence of the artistically blended cocktails it at length appeared as if I was to be admitted somewhat to the confidence of the great man. He regarded me with a softened and less impatient expression upon his noble countenance. The gloom gradually melted from his brow, the scorn departed from his lip, while his eyes no longer looked down upon me with that peculiar expression of mild astonishment which appeared to me to say, "Well, what a fool you are, to be sure." McBye spoke:

"Yes, I'm the phunny man of the *Banner*. You would not think so, would you? But nevertheless it's true. Not, mind you, that I'm to be held responsible for every bit of alleged wit or humor which appears in its columns. No, thank heaven, it's not quite so bad as that; but when you see anything particularly good, something which appeals to your better nature, and entirely free from that low buffoonery which invariably characterizes the efforts of that ass Jobkins, you may safely put it down to yours truly." Here he turned and laid his empty glass upon the counter, and I silently signaled the bar-tender "to do it again."

"Last week I got off a pretty good thing about the lover always being in clover. Lover—clover. See! And therein the lover differs from the phunny man. The phunny man is never in clover. The environment of the phunny man is rarely congenial. He is never properly appreciated. Here's looking at you, sir.

"No, this phunny business is not what it is cracked up to be. How I do detest it with its

editors, and printers devils, and Jobkins, as I have already intimated, is an ass. He is a phenomenon. You remember the Phenomenon in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and what an unmitated nuisance she was. Well, this phenomenon of ours is just the same only more so. His infernal twaddle dominates and dams every column of the paper. Why, sir, the fellow actually don't know the difference between a noun and an adjective, and as for spelling—Great Scott! You should just hear the compositors swear when his copy goes in—Thank you, your very good health, sir—

"Gall! Well, I should smile. Jobkins has the gall of the —. You've never seen the Eiffel Tower? No, neither have I; but that's what we call him on the side, 'Eiffel Tower.' 'Tower,' for short. Ridiculous? No, I don't think so. You see it was the poet-deuced clever fellow for a poet. He came in one day, and by way of a little conundrum wanted to know why Jobkins was like the Eiffel tower. Everybody was stuck. Couldn't imagine for the life of us why Jobkins was like the Eiffel tower. Post kept us on the jump for a week before he gave it away; but he did so at last. Why is Jobkins like the Eiffel tower? Because he's a monument of gall (Gaul). See! Pretty good, eh? Yes, thank you; cocktail for me." OUR JACK.

Wolfe's Forces at Quebec.

A FRIEND has supplied us with complete figures showing as nearly as possible the forces engaged in the decisive battle between Montcalm and Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham at Quebec. The figures were procured recently at the War Office in London by a gentleman much interested in historical facts bearing upon our country. The average citizen will be surprised to learn that the opposing forces in a battle which altered the destiny of a continent, were scarcely larger than those engaged in the lightly esteemed skirmishes of our recent North-West Rebellion. Here is a table copied from the records in the War Office:

FORCES UNDER GEN. WOLFE, SHOT OF QUEBEC, 1759

Brigades.	Regiments.	Commanders.	Strength
1st	15th— Amherst's.....	Major Irvine.....	500
Brig. Gen. Townshend's.....	Col. Ward.....	650	
Kennedy's.....	Col. James.....	650	
73rd— Fraser's.....	Col. Fraser.....	1,100	
45th— Webb's.....	Col. Burton.....	800	
2nd	22nd— Bragg's.....	Col. Walsh.....	550
Brig. Gen. Townshend's.....	47th— Lacaille.....	Col. Hale.....	500
60th— Royal Americans	60th— Royal Americans	Major Provost.....	400
3rd	35th— Osway's.....	Col. Fletcher.....	800
Brig. Gen. Murray's.....	58th— Aldborough's.....	Major Agnew.....	500
60th— Royal Americans	60th— Louisburg Grenadiers.....	Col. Young.....	600
2nd, 40th, 45th— Light Infantry.....	2nd, 40th, 45th— Light Infantry	(Col. Howe.....)	300
Rangers.....	Light Infantry.....	Major Dalling.....	200
Royal Artillery.....	Rangers.....	Major Scott.....	400
Royal Marines.....	Royal Artillery.....	Col. Young.....	300
		Light Infantry.....	1,000
			8,600

* There were four battalions in the Royal American Regiment.

† Probably including sailors from the fleet.

In Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, vol. 2, page 298, Wolfe's front line of battle on September 13, 1759, is enumerated as follows:

35th Regiment.....	519
58th ".....	335
78th ".....	662
Louisburg Grenadiers.....	241
28th Regiment.....	421
47th ".....	360
43rd ".....	327
Light Infantry.....	400
	3265

Captain Knox of the Royal Artillery places the force at 4828. Brigadier-General Townshend estimates Wolfe's force in action at 4411. One battalion of the Royal Americans was left on the beach below Wolfe's field (Mr. Price's property), to protect the landing-place and did not take part in the battle. The following authorities have given estimates as to the numerical strength of the forces under Montcalm:

Captain Knox, Royal Artillery..... 7520

Colonel Fraser..... 5000

Brigadier-General Townshend..... 4470

Bigot..... 3500

These figures show a considerable discrepancy, but probably only a portion of the French forces left their camp at Beauport, and also only a portion of the garrison at the citadel came out to take part in the battle of September 13. The Marquis de Vaudreuil reported to France, after the battle of Quebec, that his force consisted of 14,000 infantry, 200 cavalry, and 1,000 Indians, but this probably was the entire French force in Canada at the time, including the garrison at Montreal. General Murray writing to Mr. Pitt on October 12, 1759, says: "The troops will amount to 6,000." That must have been the total available force that Murray had after the battle of Quebec to winter in Canada.

One of Wolfe's soldiers, who lies buried in the Church of England cemetery at Three Rivers, has on the stone above him the following epitaph:

Here lies interred the body of James Sinclair, who was born in Scotland in the year 1732, and who died in this town on the 29th March, 1821. He served under the Duke of Cumberland and was present at the battle of Culloden in 1746. He afterwards served at the siege of Louisburgh in 1758, and under the illustrious Wolfe at the taking of Quebec in 1759. He also distinguished himself as an officer in the British Militia during the blockade of Quebec in the year 1775-6, and he died a magistrate of this district, much respected;

also

lieth here the body of George Sinclair, his only son, who died on 2nd October, 1825, aged 68 years.

In the Church of England burial ground at Three Rivers there is another stone bearing this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of Lieut. James Henderson, one non-commissioned officer and thirty-four privates of His Majesty's 1st Regiment of Foot, who were drowned in crossing the Black River, the 11th August, 1814, while on the march to meet the enemy.

This monument is erected by the citizens of Three Rivers as expressive of their regret for so melancholy an occurrence.



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Short Stories Retold.

General S—In Congress, while delivering one of the long, prosy speeches for which he was noted, said to Henry Clay: "You speak, sir, for the present generation, but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied the great Kentuckian, "and it seems you are resolved to speak until your audience arrives."

When Mrs. S. C. Hall was at least seventy years old, she met at a reception a young clergyman who was apparently delighted to see her. "Mrs. Hall," said he, "I remember reading your books when I was a child, and that I was especially charmed by the Irish stories." "Then, sir," flashed Mrs. Hall, "if you read my books when you were a child, you ought to know better than to say so!"

"Prince John" Van Buren was once before a jury as opponent to Daniel Lord Junior—as his name was invariably spoken and written. In the course of his address, Mr. Lord told the jury that "only a miracle or divine interposition could prevent on the facts a verdict for my client." "Divine interposition I forsooth," ironically exclaimed Mr. Van Buren in reply. "Does the gentleman use the Junior after his name boastfully as being closely related to the Senior Lord o' the universe?"

In North Carolina lately a case was tried in which the defendant's character having been impeached, it was sought to bolster it up by showing that he had reformed and joined the church. The witness, who belonged to the same church, insisted that as the defendant was now a Christian man, of course his character was better. Counsel asked him, "Doesn't he drink just as much as he ever did?" The witness, who was colored, and evidently embarrassed by the enquiry, slowly raised his eyes and said with much deliberation: "I think he do, but he carries it more better."

A good story of Irish repartee comes from an Englishman who, under the guidance of a native Irishman, had recently been admiring the scenery on the other side of St. George's Channel. The visitor and his guide were in a hilly district in the south of Ireland, and the guide, pointing to a high hill, said that it was known locally by the name of "The Devil's Table." Another and less lofty hill hard by was known, he said, as "The Devil's Chair." "Indeed," remarked the Englishman, "the Devil seems to have a good deal of property in these parts." "Yes, sir," rejoined the Irishman "but he is an absentee landlord, and he lives in England."

One day when Major Heap, of the United States Engineers, was in charge, under the then Colonel Newton, of the Government exhibit at the Centennial, a crank entered the office demanding to see Colonel Newton. The Major saved his superior officer the boredom of the visit, extracting from the crank that he had a new invention that could destroy any army upon which it was worked. "It is the most powerful explosive the world ever saw, and I propose to send up a balloon over an army that would attack ours, setting the fuse so it would go off the moment the balloon floated over the army of the enemy." "That is all very good, indeed," said Major Heap, "but suppose that a current of air should carry your explosive balloon over our army—what then?" "Well!" said the crank, laying his hand on the Major's arm. "I tell you what it is, my friend, our army would have to get up and run like—"

A certain Lieutenant in one of the Queen's regiments stationed at Quebec was the unfortunate possessor (says *Life*) of a habit of sprinkling his conversation with a unique variety and an appalling quantity of strong words. At a garden party in the "Ancient Capital," he was presented by his hostess to a "Doctor Wright," from one of the upper townships. The Lieutenant, being somewhat bored by the affair, opened the conversation with his new acquaintance with a remark to the effect that garden teas were "the — — — — — bones that a fellow had to put up with." The doctor allowed that possibly they were. The Lieutenant, encouraged by the other's concurrence, went on to recount a recent experience of his at a similar gathering and had but exhausted one-half his startling vocabulary, when the doctor, excusing himself with a pained expression, hurried away. The Lieutenant hunted up an acquaintance and said: "I say, old chap, who the — — — — — was that medical fellow I was talking to?" "That," was the comforting reply, "was the Reverend Doctor Wright, from — — — — —" But the Lieutenant had flown.

Mark Twain once expressed a desire to attend the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club of correspondents in Washington; but when an invitation was sent him, his regrets were received by return mail. Meeting a mem-

ber of the club later, he complained that he had been neglected. When informed that an invitation had been sent him and his regrets received, Mr. Clemens scratched his head, as though in perplexity for a moment, and then said: "Those were Isaac's regrets." "Who is Isaac?" "He's my keeper. He's the man my wife hired to prevent me having any more fun. Mark then explained that Isaac opened all his letters and invitations, wrote answers, which in the case of invitations always consisted of regrets, and then burned them. When asked what is Isaac's other name, the humorist replied sadly: "I don't know. My wife hired him, and she told me what his name is, but I have forgotten. I call him Isaac, as he is doomed to the fate that nearly befell the favorite son of Abraham. When I get well I intend to cut him up in chunks and burn him on the altar, and I don't care if the angels holler till they get diphtheria." "Doesn't he ever consult you about the answers to your invitations?" "Never. He always sends my regrets and says I'm sick, and that's going to get me into trouble. I told him so the other day. Said I: 'Isaac, when I die and go to heaven, St. Peter is likely to take me up some morning and remind me about those polite falsehoods you're telling in my name, and then I'll have to look all over Tophet for you to prove an alibi.'

Between You and Me.

HERE was a collection for the heathen being taken up in the Sunday school. One bad little boy contributed a button with four eyes and white in complexion. His teacher, the man with the contradictory face, in which the eyes twinkle while the mouth looks grim, thus dryly commented on the contribution: "I would suggest, my dear boy, that if the garment had accompanied the button it would be more helpful to the heathen."

A small boy was forbidden to invite playmates into the grounds of his home unless their mothers were known to his own maternal relative. One day mamma sat, like the Eastern lady of unhappy memory, at an upper window, and described her young hopeful ushering in a somewhat doubtful-looking chum. She warningly called her boy's name and shook an admonishing finger. "O, it's all right, mother," shouted the child. "His father's a bachelor!"

Did you ever notice how funny people are over introductions? I mean in the way they voice them. There is the fat and fussy dame, not quite to the manor born, who thus achieves it: "Let me make you acquainted with my friend." Nine times in ten she asks leave of the man to introduce the woman. Then there is the better informed woman, who simply smiles at you and mentions two names, yours and the other fellow's, and leaves you to fight it out with no prejudice, pro or con. There are numberless pretty ways of making people disposed to comradeship, with a tactful exhibition of faith in their suitableness and a little air of *bonhomie*, which clever folk study. Sometimes embarrassments occur which are posers. The woman nearly always makes them, if a man is the victim, but two women tactlessly pitched at each other can give *quid pro quo* in true duelling fashion. Madame, who is pleasantly asked, "Do you not know Mrs. Thingabob," after she has signed her, can say with a fine little smile, "I should, I have been introduced to her four times," and then placidly ignore her again. What can one say to gracefully avoid presenting a person whose acquaintance is not desired? Plainly, the truth is best, but very few of us would be less enough to tell it. There have been cases where the telling has only made the obnoxious one more determined, and one may live to witness another more ignorant or complacent go between perform the introduction, and discover to one's wrath and amazement that the unwilling lady of yesterday is changed into the gushing and gracious dame of to-day. How the obnoxious one can then curl the lip of scorn at you!

Twilight enshrouds her as she steps hesitatingly across the boulevard. She is in two minds to go back, but being a woman of a good many minds she goes forward, gingerly. "It surely can't be so hard," she remarks to the hitching-post, though whether her remarks refer to the asphalt or some less visible affair one can only conjecture. She takes firm hold of the handles of her brand-new bicycle, and as she pauses for a moment to survey it all over she mentally recalls her dictum, delivered with great resolution, against male assistance. Men learn to ride alone. She is a new woman. What man does she can do. She matters to herself instructions learned in the little pamphlet *How to Ride a Bicycle*, and in accordance therewith she puts her pedal in position and her foot upon it. Only a little spring and she is a-wheel. She springs; so does the bicycle, and wiggles and shies and backs, and she sits down on the frame and the pedal barks her elbow and her nose hits the head, and then everything on the solid earth whirls round, and wheel and woman lie down together. A belated express wagon comes tearing down the street, and she matters a prayer and jerks herself and her wheel on the boulevard, just in time to save her life. Now her mad is up, and she takes hold once more of those deceptious handles and trundles her wheel down on the asphalt. This experience is repeated three times, but at the fourth, with both ankles barked, several rents in her skirt, one elbow bleeding and tears and dust making crayon sketches all over her face, she actually manages to perch for an instant on the hard point of the saddle. The evening grows dark while she agonizes. People shut their shutters against the night. She glances stealthily up and down the street and sees no living creature. Quick as a shot she takes out the big pin which has replaced a button on her skirt belt after the second attempt to perch. Down drops the cumbersome skirt and she stands in knickerbockers, with knees cringing in modest deprecation and face flaming. This time she accomplishes a mount and charging across the street clasps the hitching post, falls off the wheel and collapses in a bruised and weeping little heap on the stone step. She's not dead yet, how-



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June 1, 1895

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

Art Notes.

Mr. Bell-Smith's trip to England is for the purpose of making sketches at Windsor Castle for one of his pictures illustrating events at the close of Sir John Thompson's life.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster has a very interesting article in the May number of *The Canadian Magazine* on the Early Artists of Ontario, which is full of information about those pioneers of art who laid the foundation on which we are building now. It is pleasant reading, and its authenticity may be relied on, for the writer speaks from personal knowledge of many of the artists.

Mr. Dickson Patterson's portrait of Miss Riordan, which was exhibited in Ottawa last year, is now in his studio. We regret that it has not been seen here, for it is one of the artist's best, a symphony in green—greenish background, white dress with faintest green tinge and touch of same color at the belt form a pleasing contrast to the beautiful complexion and fair hair of the sitter, whose attitude is gracefully unstudied.

The seventh annual exhibition of the Woman's Art Association at the studio, 89 Canada Life Building, which closed to-day, June 1, has been in every way one of the most successful ever held there. It is satisfactory to know that sales have been made (though there always is room for improvement in this respect at any exhibition we have ever heard of), and the quality of the work is a distinct advance on the last. One new feature was three bas-reliefs by Mrs. Davidson, which showed careful study, the cupids especially. A few of the pictures were hung so high we gave up the attempt to find out what they were about. We could not help thinking a higher standard of admission would have lessened the number of pictures without taking from the value of the collection. Miss McConnell has two very successful portraits; her faculty for catching likeness and portraying character are great, and with greater freedom in handling and improvement in color this artist has every prospect of ranking high in that line. Her little autumn landscape is the finest translation of nature we have seen from her brush, the tones of blue greens and browns soft and harmonious. Miss Farncombe's portrait has also good qualities; the pose is natural and, we imagine, characteristic of the sitter, and the drapery behind well done. Of flowers Miss Galbreath's chrysanthemums are superb; a mass of glowing color, beautiful in harmony. Her smaller studies are also good. Miss Spurr and Miss Leonard have each a pleasing study in violets. Most of the roses seemed rather unsatisfactory; even where the color is good the texture is often that of silk or cotton, even leather. To this Mrs. Scott's is a marked exception. Very striking as to size is Miss Sutherland's study of trees. The bark of the tree is very successful in color and texture, but the background open to objection and the whole lacks atmosphere. Miss Spurr has fine, careful work in the study of the dead bluebird. Mrs. Dignam is seeing the world with the open-air artist's eye in her early morning study of a field of wheat, and has caught a fine effect of the low, early sun on the standing grain and the partly cleared field, and has some beautiful color in the purple shadows. A certain abruptness in transitions of tones takes sometimes from her work; this is more noticeable in *Last Days of Summer*, but seems to be absent from *Sheep (Winter Evening)*, one of the best and most striking canvases in the exhibition. The tones are all very low and gray of the barn, haystack, and flock of sheep, but one vivid spot of color, the red light from the setting sun which illuminates what can be seen of the interior of a barn, is in very brilliant contrast. Miss Flora White's study of *Primulas* is exceedingly true in color, a very delicate piece of work; her glass illumination is a very fine example of a kind of work of which we see little. Miss Vanden Brock's work is strong, splendidly drawn, solid, but heavy in color, and the flesh in *Mahomet Ben Ramdam* very unlike flesh—in this country at least. The two interiors, the same room apparently, are strongly reminiscent of the Belgian school. More pleasing are the two pictures of horses; here the drawing and modeling are admirable, and in the one with the stretch of orchard and apple tree in blossom, the landscape is well given. Miss Gormley's landscapes are much the same as she has shown before. Mrs. Schreiber's two studies of dogs have been greatly admired. Mrs. Rode Holmen shows the simple tones and firm touch of one who is mistress of her materials, whether it is violets and cowslips, a bit of the Grand Canal (Venice of course), or an everyday stream with an old punt lying idle on the shore. Mrs. Elliott has two rather pretty figures in water color, rather prettily named. Miss Phillips has given a view of Montreal from the river very simply and effectively, and the same may be said of Miss MacDonell's at Kingston, in which the appearance of softly moving water is caught admirably. A Bull's Head, by Mrs. McCaig, is a very strong piece of work in good color. There are a number of pretty landscapes, in both oil and water-color, that are pleasing but not very remarkable in either subject or treatment. One example of Miss M. G. Smith's pen and ink work shows the same exquisite manner in that medium that has always been remarkable in her sketches. A piece of still life, several cabbages, red and green, by Miss C. Levin, has fine color and well preserved values, and is an excellent study. I cannot close without a word about the catalogue, which is most creditable to all concerned; type and paper are pleasant to look on and handle. All necessary information is given, also illustrations of many of the most important pictures.

The *Monthly Illustrator* for June is a number as brilliant as the opening of summer calls for. It represents the work of Eastman Johnson, Henry Mosler, Carleton Wiggins, J. Francis Murphy, John Rettig, Matilda Browne and many others, and its list of writers includes George Parsons Lathrop, Clarence Cook, Edward King, Hillary Bell, Alfred Trumble, Ernest Ingoldsill, Philip G. Hubert, Jr., Charles Turner and several more.

Aubrey Beardsley, it is said, has written a play in which the characters are to assume, as far as possible, the forms and features of his drawings.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every photographic study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. *Photographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters.* 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. *Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.*

THURSDAY—Your second letter to hand. Your study will be done in its turn. Have patience. 2. Yes, I think such books have great influence; with the exception of *The Heavenly Twins*, they would do more harm than good.

REBECCA FITZ JAHN—I am sorry you get into hot water when you visit your city friends. You don't look as if you'd be very bad. I am afraid your writing is too crude to make a good study. Its best points are a certain refinement, good reasoning power, and care for detail.

MARGARET, S. G.—This is a very attractive, impulsive and original nature. Much adaptability and a happy turn of thought are yours. You are generally careful, with good capacity for affection, a constant will and a most persistent and quiet purpose under all. You should be an unusually clever personage.

LUCINDA MARY—I think the bicorne costume very unbecoming and ugly, so of course I don't approve of it for lady cyclists. Your writing is very uniformed and would not make a very satisfactory study. It is very crude and is besides written on very narrow-lined paper. You need a good deal of culture.

FICKLE—1. Thanks for the news of Curly. I am glad the is getting on well and that his delineation pleased you. 2. Your writing shows a rather frank, impulsive and kindly nature, apt to make mistakes, but able to rectify them. Some love of beauty and good taste, a bright and vivacious mind and sweet temper are shown.

RANDY PANDY—Your writing shows a rather original and somewhat unconscious nature, fond of effect and not in the least inclined to sentimentality. You are truly full, material and rather overpowering in purpose. You speak firmly and mean it; are apt to idealize your favorites; are systematic and orderly. You should do well in life.

THIS H. H.—You are quite right. Plenty of young men draw out girls, just to see what their mental culture is, and on finding it small, amuse themselves at the expense of their victim. It is a good thing to have brothers and friends to open your eyes. Your writing is very crude, but promises very well. I think I'll ask you to wait a while.

EWERTH WILLIAM—This is neither an impressionable nor boyish person. The traits are rather quiet, forcible and master-craft; good judgment and fair reasoning power, care, a tendency to pessimism, caution and a rather exacting nature are betrayed by the lines. Writer is honest, not diplomatic, and her taste is somewhat crude.

FUHLATELIST—The word is quite well known; there was no need to explain it. Back-hand writing never gives the true character. I don't bother my head with consideration of the merits of stamp collecting. It seems to me most uninteresting. Your writing has a good deal of character. Perseverance, logic, grasp of a affair, good temper, sense of humor, tenacity and affection are shown.

BARRY—You are rather a smart and go-ahead young person, fond of your own opinions, and a good deal in love with yourself. There is plenty of character, and the making of a fine study in it, in time. You have a decided penchant for the other sex, an easy-going and carefree nature with no end of energy which you're not wise in directing as you might be. Time is what you need to make you something good.

RIGINA D. O.—I never heard of such a poem as you mention, so I cannot tell you who is the author of it. Your writing is rather studied and lacks snap; it shows gentleness and some refinement, good temper, a tendency to ambition but not marked (first). You are very tactful and should be able to make yourself most agreeable in society; some generosity and a most truthful method are shown; you may be romantic, and a little fond of sentiment, but you are always careful and of an optimistic and pleasant disposition. It is not a strong hand.

MARJORIE—1. My dear child, people will talk. Go ahead and don't pay any attention to them. They are probably jealous, miserable beings who envy you a good time. All the same, Marjorie, look carefully at your conduct, and be sure you have not been indiscreet or selfish. 2. Your writing shows a generous and truthful nature, good temper, a little unevenness of judgment; you're exceedingly careful, somewhat merry, of excellent strength of will. I don't think you're fond of an argument, nor are you particularly alive to the influences of art. Your method is rather blunt and decided and your endurance apt to drag a strain. I think your heart is all right. If you had a little more patience it would be a good thing. 3. Your writing is too good to change and too much formed. Just improve it.

Not Here.

A well known vicar gives a curious experience which is well worth relating. It was his custom to point his sermons with either

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OTHERS,
WILL
Cure You.**
**AYER'S
Sarsaparilla
MAKES
THE
WEAK
STRONG.**

For 20 Years
the formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. No secret about it. This is one of its strongest endorsements. But the strongest endorsement possible is in the *vital strength* it gives.

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nourishes. It does more for weak Babes and Growing Children than any other kind of nourishment. It strengthens Weak Mothers and restores health to all suffering from Emaciation and General Debility. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Blood Diseases and Loss of Flesh.

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"Dearly beloved brethren," or "Now, my brothers," until one day a lady member of the congregation took exception to this, and asked him why he always preached to the gentlemen and never to the ladies.

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other."

"But not in the church!" was the reply of the astonished lady.

She Had Doubts.



Mother—What! A young man at the depot who said he was your cousin! But you knew we wasn't, and so I only let him kiss me once.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

He Trembled in His Shoes.

Dorbarber.

Undergrad. Bumblar (spying his tailor and his shoemaker sitting together in a tavern)—Donnerwetter! A meeting of creditors, I do believe!"

A Cure for Slander.

Buch for Aile.

In Poland it was once the custom to sentence backbiters to go on all fours and bark like a dog for the space of a quarter of an hour. This mode of punishment was introduced during the reign of Charles V., but it was soon abolished, as it had to be applied so frequently that His Majesty's rest was disturbed; for the barking went on all the forenoon while the Courts were sitting.

He Feared He Should Go Mad.

There is a great battle; it rages for hours; death and destruction are on all sides. At last one army retreats carrying with it all or most of its wounded. Seeing as a soldier can fight to help his army, when disabled his presence is a double disadvantage. The army is weakened by having fallen out of the ranks, and impeded by the necessity of taking care of the wounded.

My friend Jones is a mechanic, earning good wages when he is well enough to work. But unluckily for him, he has been ill a good deal of late. Last year he lost over four months' time altogether that way. "That's really the worst of it, to my mind," he said. "I not only failed to earn anything, but had to draw on my club, thus using other men's earnings and got in debt besides."

One can see that point without his glasses. There's no getting away from Nature's law. Those who can't walk must be carried. No matter how we divide the burden, it is a burden all the same. In a certain large sense we have no right to be ill. "Can't help it," you say. Once you can't; nine times you can. A man slipped on the ice and broke his leg because he was looking at the moon. He need not have looked at the moon. As you walk along don't keep your eyes open that path.

A lady is keeping her son; she says that during a certain period he had had to leave his work for a few days at a time, and afterwards had to give up work altogether—a very unfortunate thing to happen.

The trouble began in June, 1891. Before that he had been all right. The first sign of anything ailing him were violent headaches and vomiting a green, bitter fluid. We know what this was, it was bile, that had no business in the stomach. Its proper road out of the body is by way of the bowels, where it helps to prevent constipation. His appetite failed also. This is Nature's fashion of giving notice that she can't use any more food just now, and we mustn't send down any. But people commonly don't understand it, and so try to force matters. This young man did; the result was that after eating he had great pain and oppression at the chest and palpitation of the heart.

His mother says that sometimes the sickness or nausea would last twenty-four hours without a break, during which time he was not able to eat anything, not even a drink of tea. And we English people feel that when we can't swallow a comforting cup of tea something has gone wrong with us.

"The pains in his head," continues the lady, "gradually got worse and worse, and once in a while he would exclaim, 'Mother, I shall go mad!' He became very weak and thin, and I feared the straining when he vomited might take him off."

We may say she had sound reason for such a fear. People often die that way, either by bursting a blood-vessel internally or by heart failure.

As Albert Edwin grew no better from what the doctor did for him, he attended at the Maidstone Hospital for six weeks, but received no benefit from the medicine they gave him. In November, 1891, we first heard of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. It was by means of a book that was left at the house. I got a bottle from Leverett, Frye & Page in High street, and after taking the Syrup only one week, my son felt relieved; and by the time he had had six bottles all his sickness and pain was gone, and he went back to his work strong and able to eat anything. (Signed) Mrs. Mary Ann Thurston, 54 Dover street, Maidstone, Kent, December 8, 1892."

There was a happy ending to the worry and suffering in that household, and we are glad of it, as Mrs. Thurston and her son are. But let us keep to the idea we started with. The young man had been ill virtually five months, much of that time off his work. Besides the anxiety and pain there was loss of money, which no doubt was felt, as we all feel a thing of that kind. His ailment was indigestion and dyspepsia—common in England as in London. Misery and death are with it everywhere. What does the case of young Mr. Thurston teach us? It teaches us to keep a bottle of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup in the cupboard, and slay our enemy the first day he shows his head.

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in this country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of *Short Journeys on a Long Road* will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Headford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

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Received HIGHEST AWARD made on this continent at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO 1893, and GOLD MEDAL at the MID-WINTER EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 1894. Surpassing all Canadian and United States competitors in every respect, and EIGHT other GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS at the WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS.



Your Wife Gets Mad!

When you stay out too late, when you make the usual practice of business when she knows it is something else when you approach her beautiful angel with a sign of respect, but when you bring home in the spring a Rigit Porous Waterproof coat she will promptly vote you a sensible fellow, for is she not wearing, with utmost satisfaction, a Rigit waterproof herself? She bought the Rigit cloth and had it made to order. Rigit is unique. Whilst others have experimented and failed, Rigit has achieved a signal triumph. It's Rigit that's asked for in the dry goods stores. It's Rigit that men and women talk about when the rain comes on. "Caught in a storm, and I forgot my Rigit," says the lady in distress. People say—the Bank of Montreal for solidity; Canadian girls for beauty; Chicago for large feet; and Rigit for comfort, a perfect protector against the watery elements.

An Impenetrable Disguise.

Hank Bitters—How are you goin' to the masked ball to-night, Ike?

Alkali Ike—Thought I'd keep sober and—

Hank Bitters—That's disguise enough; nobody'll know you!

A Graduate of Toronto University Says.

"My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years! Our physician first recommended it, and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

The Only Saving Quality.

Tagleigh—How were those private theatricals you went to the other night?

Wagleigh—Decidedly amateurish. There was only one professional thing about the whole performance.

Tagleigh—What was that?

Wagleigh—They had a slim house.

Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., the largest manufacturers of pure, high grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent, have found it necessary to issue a special notice cautioning consumers of their goods against the recent attempts which have been made to substitute other manufactures, bearing labels and done up in packages, in imitation of theirs. A sure test of genuineness is the name of Walter Baker & Co.'s place of manufacture—"Dorchester, Mass."

Wronged Wife—Haven't I suffered in a thousand ways since I married you? Heartless Husband—There is one way you haven't. Wronged Wife (indignantly)—In what way is that? Heartless Husband—In silence.

Westminster Abbey is the sepulchre of England's greatest dead, but equally noted is Westminster Tobacco, put up in half-pound tins by G. W. Muller, nine King street west.

Nervous employer—I don't pay you for whistling. Office-boy—That's all right, sir. I can't whistle well enough yet to charge extra for it.

The trouble began in June, 1891. Before that he had been all right. The first sign of anything ailing him were violent headaches and vomiting a green, bitter fluid. We know what this was, it was bile, that had no business in the stomach. Its proper road out of the body is by way of the bowels, where it helps to prevent constipation. His appetite failed also. This is Nature's fashion of giving notice that she can't use any more food just now, and we mustn't

Music.

MUCH has been written of late years concerning the question of "touch" as applied to the pianoforte, and also regarding the proper use of the pedal. It must be confessed, however, that the subjects mentioned have in most cases simply served as pretexts for many verbose theorists to rush into print in order to secure a little much needed advertising free of expense. It is therefore refreshing to occasionally meet with something of practical value presented in concise form and directly to the point. The following extract from Rubinstein's writings appears to me worthy of wide circulation as embodying several very essential points which are but too frequently overlooked. "I would like," says Rubinstein, "to recommend a different use—touch and pedal—of the pianoforte of our day in playing the compositions of different epochs. So, for example, I would play a piece of Haydn or Mozart on the instrument of our day, especially in *forte*, with the left pedal, because their *forte* has not the character of the Beethoven *forte*, especially not of the latest composers. Playing Handel, and especially Bach, I would try, by means of variety of touch and change of pedal, to *register*—that is, give them throughout an organ-like character. Hummel I would try to play with scholastic, short clear touch, and very little pedal; Weber and Mendelssohn with very brilliant execution and pedal; Weber in his sonatas and Concertstücke with operatic, dramatic style; and Mendelssohn, in his Songs Without Words, with a lyrical character. Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and of course the latest composers, require all the resources that are obtainable in the pianofortes of the present day."

A most successful service of praise was given in St. Paul's church, Peterborough, on Tuesday evening of last week by the excellent choir of the church under the direction of the organist, Mr. J. Crane. The Peterborough *Daily Examiner* in referring to the event says: "The singing of the choir was characterized by splendid taste and expression—the unswerving crescendi, the delicate shading and the exquisite piano effects were charmingly produced, reflecting the greatest credit upon Mr. Crane's skill as a trainer and upon the choir for so intelligently responding to his leading." One is pleased to notice the success which is attending the labors of competent choirmasters in various parts of the province in their efforts to improve the character of church music in their various localities. The day is evidently rapidly passing by when mediocre work will be patiently tolerated as it has been and, unfortunately, still is in many quarters.

Carl Verrinder, the well known Chatham organist, has voluntarily given his written testimony as to the excellence of a new Warren organ recently erected for the First Presbyterian church of Chatham. In writing to the officials of the church Mr. Verrinder says: "I have given a careful inspection of the new organ in the First Presbyterian church built by Messrs. Warren & Son, Toronto, and am pleased to be able to write you my opinion of it. Being acquainted with most of the famous organ builders of Europe the pleasure of finding an organ for its size of equal merits is very great. The touch is beautifully regulated and adjusted, so light and elastic; tones of the diapasons are very fine; reeds are of a delicate quality, rich and powerful, yet so refined that they must please all educated organists."

On Sunday evening next, June 2, at St. Helen's church, Brockton, Es't special Vespers will be sung by the choir, under the direction of Mr. J. F. Dillon, assisted by the Grand Opera House Orchestra. Soloists: Mrs. Small and Misses Mallon, Hart, Mottram, Cairns and Sullivan, and Messrs. Dickinson, Mottram and Gilligly. During Benediction, Mrs. Small will sing the Ave Maria adapted to the intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, with violin obligato by Mr. Faeder. Rev. Father Teey will preach. Miss Memory will preside at the organ.

On Thursday evening next, under the direction of Miss Laurette Bowes, Tennyson's *The Princess* is to be given at and in aid of the West End Y.M.C.A. There will be nine principals in the cast; five solo vocalists, a ladies' vocal sextette, Delsarte drill, lime-light effects, tableaux, etc. The performers, all pupils of the Metropolitan College of Music, will be in costume. There will also be full scenic arrangements. This promises to be one of the most artistic entertainments of its kind given in the city during the present season, and deserves to be largely patronized.

From all accounts they do not appear to be as loyal to British musical institutions out in Australia as we are in Canada. The Sydney *Bulletin*, in referring to an attempt to found a school of music in that city on English lines, grows as follows: "If Australians are to avoid becoming objects of ridicule to the musical world, they will rise and tramp heavily on their dull British institution. *John Bull is not musical!* Even the Royal College of Music has not succeeded in doing anything as yet but distribute capital letters. We must not allow the stream of Australian music to be headed off towards dull hymn tunes, snuffly anthems and the ecclesiastical music of the established church. We want that science, that sweetness, that depth, that vigor, that originality, the secret of which is held by the continental peoples."

"Snuffly anthems" and the like do not appear to be the only tribulations which are bearing down heavily upon the musical efforts of the Motherland. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, in a recent address, made some very caustic remarks concerning a certain very inferior type of musical criticism which is flourishing in Great Britain at the present time and which is making life burdensome to the profession. An English musical journal in commenting on Sir Alexander's well timed remarks, refers to these people as a class of critics (so-called) "who could not write eight bars of music, who furthermore declare that Bach and Beethoven are getting too ancient

for modern ears, and that if their music is to find acceptance in these more stirring times it must be improved up to date and be orchestrated in the Wagnerian mode." In Kansas such creatures would be cared for by Judge Lynch. In Canada we would read the Riot Act for their benefit, but in the Motherland it seems that the condition of things is favorable to their growth and development—truly a sad state of affairs!"

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the well known local solo pianist, gave a most successful piano recital in St. Catharines on Tuesday evening of last week under the auspices of the Musical Circle of that city. The recital was given in the spacious drawing-room of Mr. William Chaplin's residence, and local papers agree that no pianist has ever aroused so much enthusiasm in a St. Catharines audience as did Mr. Tripp on this occasion. The *Evening Star* in referring to the event says: "Mr. Tripp possesses the somewhat rare faculty of getting a big, broad tone when occasion requires, without that hardness which is so common in fortissimo playing. The crispness and clearness of his passage work was delightful, and the phrasing was never marred by any defects in the management of that bugbear, the pedal. As Mr. Tripp is a pupil of Moszkowski it is natural that he should excel in interpreting the works of that composer, but there was no lack of sympathy for the other masters." Among other numbers presented was Mendelssohn's G minor concerto, the orchestral part being played on a second piano by Miss Charlotte Chaplin, whose work is described by local critics as satisfactory in a very high degree. The slow movement of this composition had to be repeated, besides which Mr. Tripp was obliged to respond to four encores. Vocal selections were contributed by Miss Walker and Mr. Abbs.

Miss Priddy, soprano, formerly of Toronto, has, through her excellent vocal work, been winning golden opinions in Winnipeg since she took up her residence in that city. Miss Priddy, it will be remembered, was for a time leading soprano at the Northern Congregational church in this city, being one of the many pupils of Mrs. Bradley who have filled, and are filling, similar important positions in Toronto and elsewhere.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music has made arrangements for conducting a special summer normal session in music and elocution, as may be seen by reference to our advertising columns. This session of study will be of a very comprehensive character, covering a broad field of the art of teaching music, affording an excellent opportunity for music teachers and music students to add to their qualifications and acquirements, and for becoming more familiar with the most thorough and up-to-date systems of musical education. The course, covering five weeks, embraces the following: Musical Pedagogics, as applied to piano teaching, combining lectures with practical normal class work; twenty-four lessons by Mr. Edward Fisher; ten lectures on vocal training, classification of voices, methods of singing, etc., by Signor d'Auria; fourteen lectures, with practical examples in musical theory, by Mr. J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon F. R. C. O.; ten lessons in music teaching in Public Schools, by Mr. S. H. Preston. Lectures will also be given on Choir Training and Organization by Mr. A. S. Vogt; on the Origin and Development of Pianoforte Music, by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, and on The Nature and Characteristics of Strung Instruments, by Signor Giuseppe Dinelli. Private lessons may be had also in the various departments as frequently as desired. A moderate fee covers the entire course in music. A summer session will also be held in the Elocution School under Mr. H. N. Shaw and his staff, designed for teachers, speakers and others who are unable to take the regular course. A prospectus of the summer school will be sent to all applicants.

In my comments on Sign. d'Auria's project d'orchestra in last week's issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, I referred to the importance of programme making as a vital matter in determining the success or failure of any musical enterprise. I have since read in a small pamphlet issued by Mr. Emil Liebling, the eminent Chicago pianist, a few random thoughts on the same subject which are worthy of reproduction. Mr. Liebling says: "The makeup of a programme is a difficult matter. The question 'will it take?' is not always of greatest moment. The selection of the first number especially requires much judgment. Your audience is in a state of expectancy and the opening piece is to inspire respect and give a dignified *entree*. Hence a Bach or Beethoven composition is usually suitable, as it will attain that object even if it does not evoke much applause. Once create the right atmosphere for your concert, establish that invisible rapport between artist and audience and the rest is comparatively easy." In another paragraph Mr. Liebling scores the particular *genus* of musician whose bugbears are the local musical critics. In this connection he says: "I am not disposed to side with the artist who says to the critic: 'You are decidedly wrong when you criticize me, and still more so when you praise anyone else.' Mr. Liebling writes as if he had served an apprenticeship on some Toronto paper, so accurately does he describe the spirit shown here at times by some local musical propagators concerning musical criticism in this city.

Speaking of and to artists and commenting on their public efforts, Mr. Liebling aptly remarks: "Only a few hundred people hear you play, but many thousands read what is said about you. . . . As to the audiences themselves, they are as interested as ever in the concerts and look up with the same avidity their morning paper to either see their own opinions corroborated or their musical views enlarged, as the case may be. . . . People do not care how a man played fifteen or twenty years ago; it is the reflex of to-day's public opinion that is wanted. He may either have deteriorated since then, or perhaps he was overrated, or perchance he has fallen into evil ways. A good many old warhorses made their reputations years ago when musical taste was undeveloped and no capable competition to fight against, and they have lived ever since on the fallacious traditions of

the past. There is no end of such galvanized corpses." Alas! how true all this is, Brother Liebling.

The vocal pupils of Mr. J. Trew Gray, assisted by Mrs. J. Trew Gray and the Gilonna orchestra, gave an enjoyable recital in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening of last week. Among the pupils who deserve special mention might be instanced: Miss Iolanthe Wile, Miss Allan, Mr. Donald Macdonald and Mr. Greaterex. The songs contributed by Mrs. Trew Gray proved to be among the most effective numbers on the programme and were loudly applauded. Several of the pupils evinced decided talent and their work indicated hard study.

The annual vocal recital by professional and undergraduate pupils of Miss Norma Reynolds will be given on Thursday evening next in the Pavilion Music Hall. Among those to take part I notice the following strong names: Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mrs. R. Walker, Mrs. Walter Smith, Misses Agnes Forbes, Jennie Mantell, Elsie Idle, Teresa Tymon, Gertrude Smith, Elsie Ronan, May Flower, Gertrude Black, and Messrs. W. E. Rundie, H. C. Johnson and H. P. Stutchbury. Instrumental music will be contributed by Miss Fannie Sullivan (piano and harp), Miss Minnie Topping (piano), Miss Massie (cello), Miss Stonier (violin), and Master Albert Jordan (organ).

The Toronto Festival Chorus, under Mr. Torrington's direction, took part in the proceedings in connection with the National Council of Women on Tuesday evening last. The chorus sang God Save the Queen and Handel's Hallelujah Chorus with very good effect.

I have received from Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer the following new music for notice: The Encore, Two Step, by Mr. Albert Nordheimer, already noticed in connection with the Sousa Band concerts in this city; Springtime, Jolly Jack, songs by C. Francis Lloyd; Mignon, song by Guy d'Hardelot, and Where Shadows Are Not, song by Frederic Cowen. The above selections will well repay MODERATO

The Webster Society will present The Lily of Killarney at the Grand next Tuesday evening, June 4, the price of seats being reduced to fifty and twenty-five cents so that it may be a popular success. The sale of seats begins this morning at Nordheimer's.

At the recent examination for the degree of Musical Bachelor, held at Trinity University, Miss Kate Archer and Mr. Cyril E. Rudge, choirmaster of Grace church, Elm street, were the only successful Toronto candidates for the final examination. Both are pupils of Mr. Arthur Fisher, Mus. Bac., who is to be congratulated on the success of his pupils.

A Quarter Saved.

"My dear, if I cannot leave the office in time for dinner to-night I will send you a note by messenger."

"You need not go to that expense, George, for I have already found a note in your overcoat pocket."

The Smoking Habit.

A railway engineer saying the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that.

"Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it did not smoke so much."

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where she will receive pupils in her above branches, also in Piano Playing.

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Teacher of Piano.
271 Jarvis Street. Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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SOPRANO
Soprano soloist Trinity Methodist Quartette.
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the study of Sight Singing, Part Singing and Theory,
every Monday and Tuesday evening. Terms by letter,
care R. S. Williams & Son, 188 Yonge Street.

for modern ears, and that if their music is to find acceptance in these more stirring times it must be improved up to date and be orchestrated in the Wagnerian mode." In Kansas such creatures would be cared for by Judge Lynch. In Canada we would read the Riot Act for their benefit, but in the Motherland it seems that the condition of things is favorable to their growth and development—truly a sad state of affairs!"

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June 1, 1895

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

11

Social and Personal.

The Swiss Club's grand oriental tableaux and *soiree musicale*, in aid of the Sunday school library of St. Anne's church, Brockton, was held on Friday night, May 17, in Mallon's Hall. Mr. A. R. Denison presided and there was a large and appreciative audience. The programme consisted of two parts, and an interlude entitled An Oriental Tableau, Blue Beard. This performance was excellently gone through, Miss Ethel Parkinson as Fatima and Miss Violet Towers as Sister Anne, with the graceful little Misses Gertrude Parkinson and Beatrice Milligan in the cast, filling their parts in a manner that would have done credit to professionals. Miss Milligan was stage-manager; Miss Yda Milligan presided at the piano. In the musical part of the programme were: Misses Gussie de la Hook, Cowley, Gledhill, Milligan, Towers and Mrs. Harold Kennedy; Messrs. Sutherland, R. A. Gledhill, Rundle and Fahy. The Toronto Mandolin Club also rendered efficient assistance.

Mr. George Fox will appear at Miss Norma Reynolds' recital next Thursday evening.

On Wednesday evening a very smart wedding took place in Pembroke, when Dr. John D. Deacon, only son of Judge Thomas Deacon, was married to Miss Carrie L. Foster, second daughter of ex-Mayor Archibald Foster. The bride was elegantly attired in a costume of pearl white duchess satin, *en train*, trimmed with pearl passementerie and pearl ornaments, and she wore the regulation bridal veil caught with a beautiful diamond star, the gift of the groom. She carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Mabel Foster, looked winsome in a charming costume of pale mauve *peau de soie* trimmed with silver, picture hat trimmed with tips and pansies, and carried a bouquet of cream roses. The little maids of honor looked pretty in their dainty empire gowns of surah silk trimmed with *moire* ribbon. Girle Foster in rose pink and May Johnson in Nile green. They wore picture hats drooped over their little faces, and carried baskets of carnations. Mrs. A. Foster (mother of the bride), wore a costume of black silk trimmed with jet, and carried a bouquet of white lilies, while Mrs. Deacon, mother of the groom, was attired in pearl grey silk trimmed with pearl passementerie, and carried a bouquet of crimson roses. On entering the church a striking feature was the floral decorations on the platform, which were both numerous and beautiful. The seats reserved for the guests were partitioned off with white ribbon, and the ushers, Messrs. A. Foster, Jr., G. M. Foster, Herbert Supple, Fred Sapple, Captain Irving and Edward Irving, had a busy time seating the guests, during which the organist, Mr. H. Chamberlain, played suitable selections. Shortly before nine o'clock the groom arrived, accompanied by his best man, Dr. Silverthorn of Toronto. The guests were all relatives of the bride and groom, with the exception of Hon. Peter White and Mrs. White (accompanied by Miss Rankin of Mattawa), who came up from Ottawa specially in time for the auspicious occasion. Amongst the large number present were: Judge Thomas and Mrs. Deacon, (parents of the groom), Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlop, (grandparents of the groom), Miss Dunlop, Mr. C. Dunlop, Mrs. A. and Miss G. and Mr. E. Dunlop, Mrs. (Judge) John and Miss S. Deacon, Miss M. Deacon, Mr. and Mrs. A. and Master Bevet Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. J. and Miss Bessie Findlay, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. May of Ottawa, Mr. Stanley Wilson (cousin of Mr. A. Foster) of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Ellis, the Misses Deacon of Brockville, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stewart, Mrs. and Miss and Mr. E. Summers, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. Sparling, Miss J. Sparling, Mr. W. J. and Miss C. Douglas, Mrs. W. H. and the Misses Supple, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Mitchell, Miss L. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Perrett.

Everyone mourns the death at Yale of typhoid fever, of the bright young Torontonian, Miss Jennie Balmer, a graduate with honors of Toronto University.

Miss Stackhouse of King street west has opened a very light and well appointed *salon* for the use of ladies wishing their hair cared for and dressed in the most perfect style. A thoroughly competent lady is in charge, who has just arrived from Chicago and whose work has already given great satisfaction to many of our *beau monde*. An exceedingly admired *couture* at the Aberdeen reception was arranged by her clever fingers.

Mrs. Jos. Beatty, who has been ill for some three weeks, is now able to be out again.

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Louise Chadwick and Dr. W. H. Pepler.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Fannie Moses and Mr. David L. Gordon.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES

The Governor-General and Countess Aberdeen, His Honor the Clerk, Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, give their Patronage to the Opera, in Three Acts,

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Chorus of selected voices; 2 character soloists; Webster Choral Society—conductor, Mr. H. W. Webster. Grand Box and first three gallery rows, 50.; gallery, 25s. Plan opens at Nordheimer's to-day (Saturday), 10 a.m. Proceeds for Home of Incurables.

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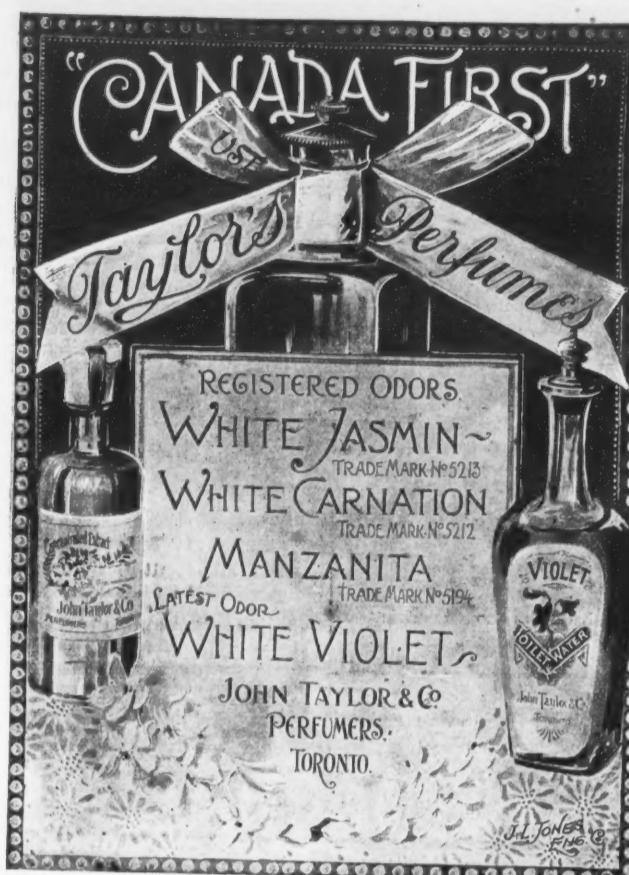
THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 8 p.m., at West Association Hall, cor. Queen and Dufferin. Admission and reserved seat 25s. Plan opens to-day at West Association Hall.

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Social and Personal.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, with Captain and Miss Kirkpatrick, went up to Hamilton Races on Thursday morning and occupied the Hendrie box as the guests of the president of the O.J.C. A smart party took the train on the same day at 1:15 for Hamilton and had a fine day's sport, returning to Toronto at 7 p.m. The party included a *coterie* from Stanley Barracks and many prominent people in social circles.

Mrs. T. M. Stuart (née Miss May Smith) will be at Home to her friends at 35 Jameson avenue on June 4 and 7.

A beautiful race gown was worn by Mrs. Seagram at the O. J. C. of black and pink brocade, and a small black bonnet with pink roses completed a very chic costume. Mrs. Bowley, wife of Dr. Bowley and daughter of Mrs. Seagram, wore a very delicate and stylish shade of fawn corded silk, with tiny dots of pale blue and trimmings of Venetian point lace. A large picture hat was worn with this pretty and perfectly artistic gown. Another pretty dress of pale grey crepon with white chiffon and jet was worn by Mrs. Warwick of Sunnyleholm.

A throng of interested friends filled St. Peter's church on Wednesday evening to witness the marriage of Mr. Robert S. Williams and Miss Alma Coleman, one of the prettiest young ladies on the east side. Miss Coleman looked lovely in a rich satin bridal gown, and her bridesmaid, Miss Coleman, was also most becomingly dressed. Mr. Herbert Williams was best man. Ven. Archdeacon Boddy performed the ceremony. Two pretty little children, Miss Mabel Williams of Oshawa and Master Roy Coleman, acted as maid of honor and page. After the ceremony a *déjeuner* was held at the home of the bride's parents, Selby street. Mr. and Mrs. Williams left by the midnight train for a honeymoon in Europe.

Napoleon Lost.

Tit-Bits.

At a dinner party in the early fifties, Mr. Graves, the well known art publisher of *Pall Mall*, volunteered the assertion: "There are more portraits in existence of one sort or another, all shapes and sizes, of Napoleon, than of any other European celebrity."

"I rather doubt that," chimed in a little man.

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at the other end of the table; "I fancy there are more of our present Queen—Victoria."

"But, my dear sir," rejoined Graves, "really—just consider. There are at least ten pictures in oil; the picture entitled 'Crossing the Alps' has been engraved and etched, even some hundreds of daguerreotypes have been taken."

"Still—" persisted the little man.

Graves was nettled. "I'll bet a dinner for the present company that I name in a jiffy twice as many pictures of Napoleon as you can name of Queen Victoria."

"Done with you," said the little man. "Let me begin by taking the postage-stamps into consideration."

Simmons—I would give a whole lot to have the sanguine disposition that Timmons has. Smallwort—Yes! Simmons—I would indeed. He sold a poem for four dollars last week, and since then he has done nothing but talk about the iniquity of the income tax.

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